Vol. CXXXI. No. 1698.

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[THE BYSTANDER, JULY 1, 1936.

The BYSTANDER

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FRANCE—*continued.*

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SWITZERLAND—*continued.*

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The Bystander, July 1, 1936

No. 1698. Vol. CXXXI.

The BYSTANDER

The Man in the "Office"

This airman-pilot, an actor in the R.A.F.'s annual drama at Hendon, is ready to step into "the office," the Air Force name for a 'plane's cockpit. Airman-pilot is an important non-commissioned rank, and dates back to the early days of the Flying Corps. Two names come to mind—Sergeant Mottershead and Sergeant (afterwards Squadron-Leader) McCudden, who both got V.C.s as pilots in the war. The climax of the year's training is the R.A.F. display; there are some unusual pictures of machines seen at Hendon last Saturday on pages 22 and 23

THE PASSING HOUR

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

PARLIAMENTARY procedure is not a thing which you and I can even remotely grasp. It is weird and wonderful and quite unique. Thus, in the crucially important debates on Sanctions, the Government reply to Mr. Lloyd George's devastating onslaught could only be delivered six days later. The result was, quite naturally, fatal. The Welsh wizard had got too long a start. His irony, invective and accusations had been applauded, or at any rate quoted, in the Press of the world for six whole days, and by the time that Sir John Simon had tugged and hoisted his ponderous batteries into action the opportunity for effective reply had gone. It is a curious system which rules our rulers. There never seems to be time for passing any of the reforms which really affect the lives of you and me—such things as divorce reform, the law of landlord and tenant, the preservation of the beauties of England, the suppression of the bogus share-pusher, and so on—but there is ample time for interminable academic discussions which lead nowhere and result in nothing.

MR. BALDWIN, winding up the Sanctions debate on behalf of the Government, made one or two points clear. Firstly, he has no intention of proposing that the League should recognise Italy's annexation of Abyssinia. Secondly, he intends to maintain the Government's power to refuse loans to Italy. Both these resolves are admirable. It will be a sorry day for British honour when we recognise King Victor Emmanuel as the Negus of Ethiopia.

THE Dardanelles Convention is yet another milestone in the history of that astounding strip of water. Ever since Helle fell off the back of the golden ram and was drowned in the straits which were named after her, the Hellespont has been a focus of turbulence and battle, of intrigue and conspiracy, of splendour and tyranny. Great Britain has played its part in the later history of the straits. We fought against the Turks at Navarino in 1827; less than thirty years later we were defending the Turks against Russia; sixty years after that we engaged in a secret treaty to hand Constantinople over to Russia. Then we smashed the Turkish Empire, and within three years saw the Turks triumphantly returning to Europe. Now a Conference is sitting at Montreux to consider the future of the Straits once again. And the President of it is Mr. Bruce, an Australian, whose fellow-countrymen made history against the Turk at Anzac Beach.

NO name in the Birthday Honours will be greeted with more pleasure than that of Mr. William Nicholson, the painter. One of the foremost of our painters, a whimsical wit and talker, "Kid" Nicholson was one of that brilliant coterie which used to frequent the Café Royal in the old days. James Pryde was another, and Rothenstein and Augustus John and "Max." Long life and many vast commissions to you, Sir William!

Mr. Roosevelt's Middle-West Opponent

Here is Alfred Mossman Landon, Governor of Kansas since 1933, lawyer, business man and politician, nominated Republican candidate for the Presidency of the United States

ANGLO-AMERICAN sporting rivalry in 1936 stands at two matches to one in favour of America just at present, with one tie. The Wightman Cup went back to the U.S.A. by the narrowest of margins; the contest for the Westchester Cup was desperate and stern, but it is generally agreed that the American side was just a little bit better all round and deserved to win; on our credit side we must put the defeat, by a nose, of Omaha in the Gold Cup at Ascot. And the ladies' Curtis Cup ended in a tie. The Open Golf Championship can hardly be put into this international category. It ought to be described as Sarazen against the Empire.

THE sale of a long lease of No. 7, Carlton House Terrace by the Commissioners of Crown Lands to the German Government for an extension of the German Embassy recalls a celebrated controversy of four or five years ago. When Messrs. Pinchin, Johnson, the famous paint manufacturers, bought the lease of 4, Carlton Gardens (Mr. A. J. Balfour's old house) and built concrete office buildings which overshadow the Mall, there was a great popular outcry against the vandalism of the Crown Commissioners in tampering with the work of John Nash. One of the defences of the Commissioners was that ultimately all the Mall frontage which Nash built would have to be rebuilt. Now they grant a long lease of No. 7. When will the rebuilding take place? In about ninety-nine years time, I should think.

THE "trouble" among the Indian cricketers has been very unfortunate, especially as any sort of trouble in the cricketing world is fastened upon with such eagerness by a certain section of the Press. Larwood, Voce, and Mr. Douglas Jardine know that to their cost.

The real trouble about the Indian cricketers is very simple. They just are not good enough for the class of cricket into which they have been put. They are keen, competent, eager, and popular wherever they go. But they are out of

(Concluded on page 4

The King on His Birthday

As a ceremony for celebrating the birthday of a King, nothing more perfect than Trooping the Colour could be imagined. This year, naturally, the event had its special significance, since King Edward VIII. was celebrating the first birthday of his reign. Wearing the uniform of Colonel-in-Chief of the Grenadier Guards, he rode down the crowd-lined Mall from Buckingham Palace to the Horse Guards Parade for the ceremony of salute, inspection, and the Trooping itself. When that was over, he led his army of the day back up the Mall and took their final salute outside the central gate of the Palace. The weather succeeded in keeping its reputation of sunny respect for the King of England. And his Majesty is now forty-two

The Passing Hour *(Continued from page 2)*

their class. They are to play Test matches against the embattled strength of England. A fortnight ago they were beaten by Durham.

It is always a cardinal error to express an opinion about the internal affairs of another country to a citizen of it. I discovered this yesterday when I told an American friend of mine that I had coined a Democratic slogan, "Land in the soup with Landon." My friend turned out to be a red-hot Republican and he resented the notion bitterly. He admitted, however, very sadly, that Mr. Roosevelt is going to be re-elected. The *New Yorker* has defined the qualifications necessary to any candidate which the Democrats put up. He must be a Man of the People; he must be acceptable to Mr. Roosevelt; and, above all, he must have been President of the United States since March 4, 1933.

Fifty ships in Marseilles harbour are reported to be flying the red flag of Revolution. The news reached me on the hundredth anniversary of the death of a man who would have been interested in red flags flying in Marseilles Harbour. For it was in June 1836 that Rouget de Lisle died, who wrote in Strasbourg the immortal song which the men of Marseilles sang as they hauled their guns up the valley of the Rhone to Paris. In those days the flag of Revolution was the flag of the three colours, but the spirit of Marseilles has not altered much.

The film of *Show Boat* 1936 brings back an old favourite actor and his old favourite song. Mr. Paul Robeson's soft, deep voice is as thrilling as ever, and he sings "Ol' Man River" magnificently. But the rest of the film is curiously un-American in style and construction. We have come to expect from Hollywood not necessarily accuracy, or a sense of history, or even a sense of anything at all; but we do expect speed. American films are swift-moving. *Show Boat* 1936 moves as slowly as the old paddle-steamer itself, as it ploughs its way against the current of the Mississippi.

G. K. Chesterton's death is not going to involve the death of *G.K.'s Weekly*, that brilliant little paper which has contained some of the finest dialectical writing of the age. Mr. Hilaire Belloc, for the last thirty years friend and companion of G.K., is to become Editor. The tradition of brilliance will be stoutly maintained.

The unveiling of the memorial in the Sudan to Slatin Pasha recalls a great story of loyalty and devotion. Baron Rudolf von Slatin was an Austrian who became one of Gordon's lieutenants. Taken prisoner by the Mahdi, he was roused one day in his tent to be shown the severed head of his former chief. That was bad enough. Far worse followed, for Slatin Pasha was a slave in Omdurman for twelve long years before he finally succeeded in escaping. After that he was for many years the principal adviser to the British on all Sudanese affairs, with the honorary rank of Major-General. The World War placed this heroic man in a cruel dilemma. He could not fight against his native land. He would not fight against the Empire which he had served for so long. So he devoted himself to the care of wounded and prisoners, and after the conclusion of the peace, the King restored to him his orders and decorations.

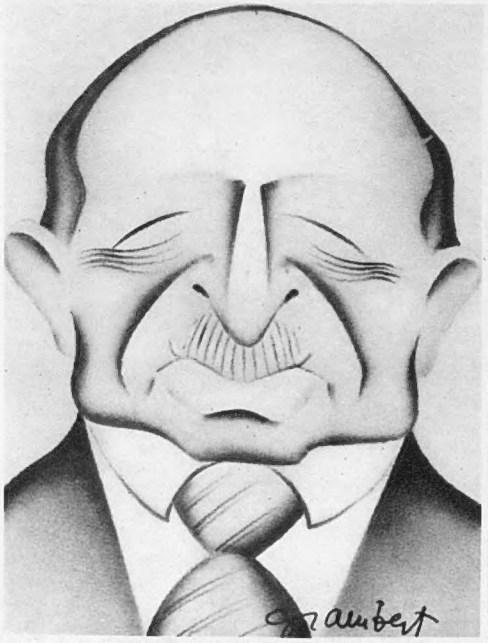
I do not always see eye to eye with Sir Arnold Wilson, M.P., on political affairs, but I must in fairness record that he did the State a service when he revealed the particulars of a jolly little draft scheme for giving a monopoly in the sale of Durham coal to a projected new committee of coal-owners. If this scheme went through, and it did not need the sanction of the House of Commons, the consumer would be completely at the mercy of the owner. And if this could be done in Durham, it could be done elsewhere. Sir Arnold's revelation of what was afoot shocked even the House of Commons.

While Australia is grappling with Japanese industrial competition, and China with Japanese smuggling, and Russia with Japanese penetration, Henley-on-Thames is having its own little affair with the land of the Rising Sun. A Japanese crew of oarsmen have arrived, with a special boat made of some mysterious new material, and designed to mysterious new specifications. The sons of the Orient have also brought a brand new style of rowing which appears to violate all the canons of orthodoxy, and with this style they can strike up to 52 strokes a minute. The maximum hitherto has been about 40, and it is small wonder that the Japanese are favourites for the Grand at 10 to 1 on. Oxford might send a deputation to Tokyo to acquire the new technique, and the new boat.

There is something very mysterious about that Italian aeroplane which crashed last year in Egypt. The strongest rumours have been flying about that the machine contained a complete plan for an Italian invasion of Egypt, and that the document was immediately forwarded to our Government. This has now been officially denied in the Commons. How, then, did the rumours arise? Did plans for an attack reach Whitehall in some other way? It is freely stated in America that somehow or other our Intelligence Service got hold of this critical information. The whole thing is queer, and rather sinister.

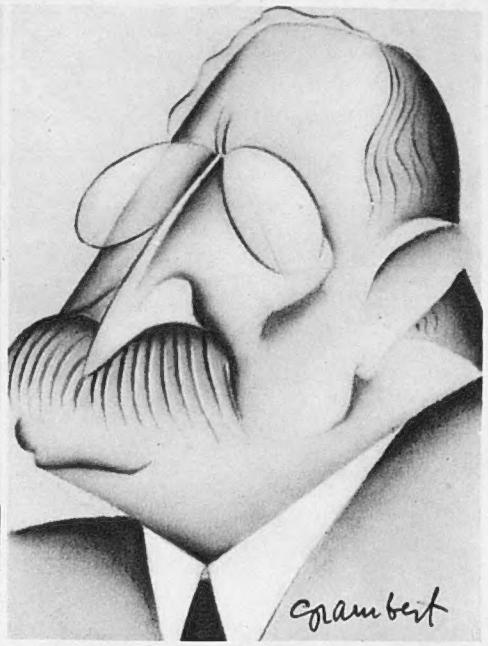
Mr. Evelyn Waugh, who has been awarded the Hawthornden Prize for a book of imaginative literature by an author under forty-one, is a curious example of the modern generation which is so universally assumed to be effete and decadent. Mr. Waugh's prize-winning book is a historical study of Campion, the Jesuit. But his next book is going to be about Abyssinia, a country which he has already visited twice, and is just going to visit again. The effete generation seems to be able to toil in a study or march across Ethiopian deserts with equal endurance.

French Faces in Geneva



M. Yvon Delbos

M. Delbos, Minister for Foreign Affairs in M. Blum's Government, travelled to Geneva from Paris with Mr. Eden last Thursday. Before their train left, they dined with Sir George Clerk and M. Blum—an informal conference on Anglo-French co-operation



M. Léon Blum

The French Prime Minister followed M. Delbos to Geneva later in the week, to face once more the problem of what the Italo-Abyssinian dispute has done to the European situation in general, and the League of Nations in particular

AN APOLOGY AND CORRECTION.

The Bystander owes Mr. Owen Nares an apology for the caption beneath his photograph (page 444, June 10th issue), which added ten years to his age. This mistake, following a statement said to have been made by Mr. Nares about "mere hero parts," but which statement he never made, might infer that he is now of an age unsuitable for leading parts, except as representing elderly men.

The Bystander hastens to assert, most apologetically, that it meant no such thing, and assures Mr. Nares that it yields to none in its admiration of the leading actor in *Call It a Day*.

"Playing Any Tennis This Year?"

Perry and Austin both set out on their Wimbledon journeys in fine form. Perry in particular disposed of his first two opponents, G. D. Stratford and K. Chartikavanij, in such style as wiped out all memory of his Paris defeat. Then came his match with van Ryn, which everyone expected to be a tester; it turned out to be a display of wizardry in style, speed and tactics in which van Ryn hardly counted. Austin, keeping up his habit of Wimbledon innovations with his new streamlined racquets, lost a set to Dr. Spence in the first round, took his second round against C. Sproule easily, and got into the last sixteen with a 6—2, 6—1, 6—3 victory over C. R. D. Tuckey. That he and von Cramm will have to fight for the honour of meeting Perry in the finals is a pretty safe bet

Socialite Swimming at the Bath Club

Lady Diana Finch-Hatton, Miss Patricia Hamilton, Miss Venetia Fripp and Lady Alington all competed in the ladies' annual swimming competition at the Bath Club. Venetia Fripp won the Bath Club Ladies' Championship; Lady Diana Finch-Hatton won the Maude Nathan Cup

Wimbledon Audience

Miss Rosemary Robertson and Lady Marguerite Strickland took the crowded Wimbledon road last week, and having watched one match had to ask the notice-board's help in deciding where they'd be audience for the next hour or so

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

For their dance last Wednesday the Simon Marks had a lovely night, a lovely band, lovely food, and, to use an American expression, "lovely people."

It was an enormous party, for the host and hostess hospitably invited many of their own friends, although the occasion was ostensibly the "coming-out" of Miss Hannah Marks.

The garden of their divine Kensington house is such an asset for party-giving in hot weather, and the long verandah that runs along one side of the house is perfect for a buffet and supper.

There were Tyrolean singers on the lawn, the incomparable de Marcos doing their stuff in the ball-room, and it seemed a sin to say "good-night and good-bye" around 3 a.m.

Table-Turning

Debutantes nowadays are not harnessed to white dresses for a whole season as we were in our young days, and Miss Hannah Marks wore pale blue that night; Lady Patricia Douglas pale pink lace, and Miss Joyce Leigh, an ex-deb, was very grown-up in black tulle, while her mother wore white—a complete turning of the tables!

Lady Dunn, in a pale blue dress that glittered faintly, looked like an ex-deb herself; Lady Plunket's fairy-like charm was emphasised by a white dress with puff sleeves. Mrs. John Goodenday wore one of the best dresses at the party—thick white lace embroidered with red and blue rings, with red and blue shoulder-straps.

Lady Louis Mountbatten, slim, sunburnt and elegant, danced with her husband, and Mme. Yola Letellier in another patriotic model of red and blue arrived with them. Lady Haddington, in a sparkling white dress, sat under the trees with Lord Plunket, while lovely Virginia Cherrill supped with Mr. C. B. Cochran and Lord Jersey.

Mrs. Archie Campbell brought her dinner guests on, who included Lady Lindsay-Hogg, in a white satin dress and a pair of outsize ear-rings of enchanting design—"like chandeliers," someone said.

Louder and Stronger!

When we were in New York last winter we heard raving ecstasies over the de Marcos, the ball-room dancers who are now appearing at Grosvenor House.

Having seen their performance there the other night, we are of the opinion that the ravings were lukewarm, and that the ecstasies could easily have been louder and stronger.

They are the most exciting pair of dancers we (or you) have ever seen. They give you an impression that they are being only half as clever as they could be; he has steps and movements that remind us of Fred Astaire; she has—well, they are indescribable and just the top, that's all.

A Cake and Candles

Watching them with rapt attention that hot night were the young Kenneth Waggs, at a long top table with the Everard Gates, Mrs. Charles Cartwright, and Mr. and Mrs. "Bob" Tritton.

At the next long top table the Poulett family were celebrating a birthday (his, we heard it was) with a cake and candles and all. His sister wore pinkish beige tulle, his wife a fluffy white organdie dress. Mr. Charles Birkin and Miss Dorothy Dickson were with them.

At a ringside table, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sweeny were dining with her parents, the Whighams, Mrs. Sweeny looking very cool and smart in white satin, which is very much a material of the moment. The Maharajah of Jaipur was another who was entertaining that night.

Never Looked Prettier

Once-worn Ascot confections are given a second airing at Hurlingham on the days when matches are played. Very smart spectator-sports clothes look better.

We liked Lady Jersey's pale pink dress and big white straw hat one afternoon.

Sir Anthony Weldon escorted his amazingly youthful-looking mother to the final American match; the Stavordales were two others whom we saw that day.

A close-up of one of the stands presents a picture of rows of intent feminine faces, scarlet mouths, disguising black spectacles, and some species of millinery absurdly perched on top of a head.

Most Natural of All

Mrs. "Teddy" Thompson gave an all-woman luncheon-party at the Carlton one day last week in honour of Miss Miriam Hopkins, who is surely quite the most natural and un-made-up of all the great stars.

Miss Edna Best, looking like a little girl in a tweed dress and pull-on felt

Meynell — Goschen

Mr. Hugo Meynell, son of Lt.-Col. and Lady Dorothy Meynell, of Hoar Cross, Burton-on-Trent, and Miss Jean Goschen, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. The bride is the eldest daughter of the late Sir Edward Goschen, and Lady Goschen, of 30, Belgrave Road, S.W.1, and a niece of Viscount Goschen. Mr. Meynell is a grandson of the Earl of Dartmouth

Mr. Henry Foley and Miss Helen Pearson

Henry Thomas Hamilton Foley and Helen Pearson were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster. He is the elder son of the late P. H. Foley, and Mrs. Foley, of Stoke Edith Park, Herefordshire, and she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Pearson, of 24, Cambridge Square, W.2, and Johnston Lodge, Laurencekirk. Mr. Pearson is Chairman of the Stock Exchange

hat, rushing off to a B.B.C. rehearsal; Miss Yvonne Arnaud, whose stage charm is *not* art, because it is so obvious in private life, and Mrs. Barbara Back, looking as cool as a cucumber in a pale beige colour scheme, were "among those present."

Mrs. Thompson is working now in the famous millinery establishment in Davies Street that is nicknamed the "matrimonial agency," as every assistant gets engaged to be married almost as soon as she starts to work there. Rosemary O'Malley Keyes is the latest (although her engagement is only rumoured, it is *not* denied), and that charming girl, Daphne Lawson, whose wedding takes place in a week or two, sold hats there until quite recently.

A Stranger in These Parts

THE terrace at the R.A.C. is one of the coolest and pleasantest places to dine on a hot night. We realised this one broiling evening last week, and went on afterwards to the San Marco, where we find ourselves drawn as by a magnet almost subconsciously, now that the one and only Mr. Fiske is the star attraction.

Lord and Lady Romilly were there that night, in a large party that included Lady Betty Butler, and "a stranger in these parts" whom we were glad to see again was Sir Victor Sassoon, dining with Major Keith Trevor.

Sir Victor, who spends most of his time now in Shanghai, never alters or ages at all, although one realises with a shock that it is only once in two years that he spends a month or two here.

Lady Brougham and Vaux

Left: Lady Brougham and Vaux went walking in the Park one morning. She was Jean Follett before her marriage last year

Right: Mr. and Mrs. Henry Garnett were at the Hurlingham dance for the Westchester Cup players. They were married in May; Mrs. Garnett was Mary Gerrard Leigh

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Garnett

A Further Affectation

IT was probably Lady Louis Mountbatten who first made us realise that horn-rimmed spectacles could be beautifiers. Being extremely short-sighted, glasses are to her a necessity, but hundreds of women wear dark and tinted "specs" to-day whose eyesight is perfect.

Coloured rims to match one's clothes are a further affectation, and the spectacle-makers must be coining money.

Lady Jersey wore a pair of tinted glasses with blue glass edges at Ascot. It would take more than a pair of spectacles to either help or spoil her youthful beauty.

Virginia Cherrill is another bespectacled "lovely." Arc lights in film studios having produced eye-strain in her case, she wears dark glasses almost perpetually.

Charity Note

THE debutantes will all be on evening parade again this month at one of the last big charity balls of the season. It's the Debutantes' Ball which Lady Warrender, Lady Monsell, Lady Veronica Hornby and Mrs. Charles Sweeny are helping to run. The junior committee, oddly enough, seems to be mostly ex-debs, but lovely Rosamond Broughton is one of this season's representatives. The dance is on July 21st, after the first Royal Garden Reception, in aid of the King Edward VII. Hospital at Ealing.

MISS PEEPS

"Après Nous le Déluge!" — *Mme. de Pompadour*

"Grace Was in All Her Steps." — *Milton*

Heat Wave

We Take Off Our Coats To—

—The Port of London Authority Police, for jumping fully clothed into the West India Docks. They were testing the new "Boddy" life-saving waistcoat. The one in the middle must have taken a nasty crack

—Mlle. Alexandra Danilova, ballerina of de Basil's Ballets Russes, for dressing suitably to play heat-wave table tennis. She plays daily and very well, to keep fit for dancing

—Vivien Leigh and Lyn Harding, for eating ice-cream in the green-room of a lilac bush. They are playing in "Henry VIII.," first play of Sydney Carroll's subscription season at the Open Air Theatre. Miss Leigh is Anne Boleyn, Mr. Harding is the king

"... Cure Fit for a King." — *"Henry VIII"*

"After You, Who . . .?"

A New "Bystander" Series of Celebrities in Cameo

No. 27

Miss Fay Compton

FAY COMPTON, the actress who is never out of a job, comes of a theatrical family—her father being Edward Compton and her mother Virginia Bateman. Father ran the celebrated Compton Comedy Company.

Having left her English school at her parents' wish and her French ditto at her own, the stage seemed obvious, although she was barely sixteen. It was her brother, Compton Mackenzie, who introduced her to Pelissier, and Fay became a Folly at £3 10s. a week on September 16th, 1911. A week earlier she had married Pelissier himself. Age seventeen. After his death and the disbanding of the Follies, she sat up night after night acquiring a German accent and got a part in *Who's the Lady?* at the Garrick. Since then roses, roses all the way—and two more husbands.

TO-DAY she runs her own School of Dramatic Art in Baker Street, and stars in *Call It a Day*. Her other great passion in life is animals. Miss Compton has almost a "zoo" at her place near Maidstone. It is a shame to think that her delicious Grecian nose has given her so much trouble that she has had five operations for antrum trouble. Perhaps it is her own frequent pain that causes her to feel so strongly about the ill-treatment of animals. She herself has a chow, two red setters, a collie, an Aberdeen terrier, two cats, a bull-terrier, two budgerigars, a canary, and a parrot. The parrot had a Yorkshire accent when bought, discarded this for the purest Cockney, and now gives a perfect imitation of Miss Compton's own voice. Her full name, by the bye, is Virginia Lilian Emmeline Compton Mackenzie, but she was called Fay because her younger sister could not pronounce "Virginia."

WITH her beautiful speaking voice, elegant figure and gorgeous Titian hair, Miss Compton has real glamour. She does embroidery and petit-point; plays golf and tennis; is suitably superstitious about elephants, facing the door and not seeing the new moon through glass; looks her best in pale blue shades; becomes easily depressed; is a very quick study; finds Owen Nares the ideal leading man; and would be the finest Juliet of a generation if someone would let her play the part. Meantime, she remains a real trouper; holds her own with the Tiller girls in pantomime; ranges from Ophelia to Dick Whittington; has written a book; composes music, and when angry goes first puce and then white, and then just shakes. But that only happens when she sees an animal ill-treated, and every year she gives an all-star concert for that most deserving of charities, the People's Dispensary for the Sick Animals of the Poor.

Charles Graves

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Life on the Ocean Wave

"Winter Sunshine," (Royalty)

At sea there are so many delicate adjustments to be made in the contacts between fellow-passengers that those who have had the experience of a long voyage will find it truly entertaining to watch the manœuvres of the familiar types, safely set on the stage and unable to sink into an adjoining chair, ready for endless converse.

The R.M.S. Southern Cross seems to have shipped the usual mixed bag, with a few outstanding unusual personalities. First, we have Sophie Lucas, a pleasant spinster, who has made the ship her home. Never sure whether she prefers to live in London or Sydney, she compromises by travelling backwards and forwards between the two, free from the importunities of relations and the worries of domesticity. But Sophie has an active mind which she turns to the affairs of the other passengers, and on this particular trip she is fortunate, as a most unusual specimen presents itself for her consideration in the charming person of John Trench, who lost his sight in the war. With her vast experience of human nature, she soon spots that he is up to no good, and she forces from him the admission that he is a buccaneer travelling the world and converting the sympathy so generously given him into hard cash. Women easily indulge in passionate episodes with him, which terminate in the extraction of large cheques and the disappearance of Trench into another ship to find another victim.

The author, G. A. Thomas, is extremely lucky in having these parts played by Athene Seyler and Nicholas Hannen. The latter succeeds in winning the sympathy of the audience for Trench, who, regarded prosaically, is only a confidence man meanly trading on his infirmity for a livelihood but, thanks entirely to his fine acting, the character becomes credible.

The part of Sophie suits Athene Seyler better than anything she has done for a long time. She plays it gaily and even when she is poking her nose right into other people's business it never savours of impertinent interference. It is distressing to feel from the first that she will inevitably be paired off with Trench, and the sentimental scene between them does not ring true. A less conventional ending would be more acceptable. Apart from this, the author has written a wonderfully good first play, full of humour and observation.

A young actress new to London is Janet Burnell, who makes a brilliant success in the part of Anne Simpson, a morbid kind of girl who is taking a trip all alone to recover from a broken heart. She is lucky to fall into the kindly hands of Sophie, who finally sweeps her clouds away, and she is also very lucky to be rescued when she throws herself overboard, as in the Red Sea people are likely to be taken by sharks long before help can reach them.

Archibald Batty gives an excellent sketch of an irascible colonel eventually tamed by Maggie Jones (Mignon O'Doherty), the loud, large and amiable proprietress of some provincial tavern. The numerous girls whose interest is in deck-tennis and junior officers rush about the ship after the manner found in every liner that sails the seas. The production is in the capable hands of Irene Hentschel, and the show makes a delightful, unexacting entertainment.

Blind, but far-seeing crook, John Trench (Nicholas Hannen), and Katherine Blake (Charlotte Francis)

Sketches by Rouson

Colonel Powell (Archibald Batty) keeps fit for apple-growing

On suicide bent: Anne Simpson (Janet Burnell)

Wise women: Maggie Jones and Sophie Lucas (Mignon O'Doherty and Athene Seyler)

Anthony

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Tauber—Austrian Mood

When Richard Tauber, Austrian singer, and Diana Napier, English film actress, got married, the Saturday afternoon crowd outside the Marylebone Register Office needed a police cordon to hold them back. Since one of Tauber's films ran for weeks and weeks at the Regal and was seen half-a-dozen or more times by hundreds of people, it's evident he has his fans. After their honeymoon, which started at Lord and Lady Queensberry's country house, the Taubers are going to work together on a new film called *Land Without Music*. The film of course has music and it is by Oscar Strauss. Tauber's last rôle was the name-part in *Pagliacci*, which will be shown any minute now; Diana Napier was in it, too. She is the daughter of Major H. P. Ellis, and Mrs. Napier Ellis, of Gloucester Terrace, W.2, and started her film career as a Korda discovery

Hollywood in London — Ann Harding

Molly Bishop drew this picture of Ann Harding, whose Freya-like blonde hair, blue eyes and brown skin make her strikingly attractive on or off the screen. We've had the chance of seeing her off-screen lately, for she arrived here little under a month ago, and her popularity, first demonstrated a little riotously at the Theatrical Garden Party, has grown fast. She and her seven-year-old daughter Jane are in England for six months; she's not going to sign any more long-term contracts, because she likes to be free to "play any part for any producer." The new régime begins under Max Schach, of Capitol Films, with whom she's making a film at Denham. Her latest pictures, *The Witness Chair* and *The Lady Consents* (with Herbert Marshall) are at the Stoll and Regal respectively

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

THE departure of the huge, laughing figure of Gilbert Keith Chesterton, the complete man, an English patriot as great as Johnson and Cobbett, with fine qualities of mind neither of these champions possessed, leaves a gap it seems impossible to fill. G.K.C. was so fundamentally great that his utmost fooling was wiser than the solemnity of the prigs and pedants. We remember taking part with him once in an impromptu play, a satire on Fleet Street, in which the half-dozen or so actors had to make up their own lines, in the manner of the Commedia dell' Arte. Chesterton was cast at the last moment for the allegorical figure of Famine. The immense figure rolled on the stage in a robe of spangled net, cheeks pink with hilarity, and pince-nez flashing with schoolboy fun, and then and there, on the spur of the moment, he delivered an address so packed with high-spirited wit and shrewd grotesquerie that it held everything up for a solid quarter of an hour and bust the play to pieces—not that anybody cared.

We heard him tackle Mr. Shaw in debate many times, and a pretty display of fireworks it was. It seemed to us that the elder gentleman, with his essentially neat suburban mind, carried it off pretty well. Chesterton generally made rings round him with ease, but Shaw has the gift of uttering platitudes—familiar to everybody on earth but the English—with an air of brilliant novelty, and this evened things up. Chesterton knew infinitely more, and had deeper wells of reality to draw from. Shaw had an engaging brogue and a pleasing pertness in parry. Their clashes were superb entertainment, and it 's sad to think there 'll be no more of them.

Among those who knew and loved G.K.C., and saw his remains, on a blue June morning, committed to the ground at Beaconsfield, with the last august rites of the Catholic Church, there were two or three who drank a supernumerary pint afterwards to his good estate. We had an idea he might approve it, with that high gigantic chuckle

Hot Cross Bang

PERHAPS we 're a bit crazy, but this opening of a war-bonus story from New York: " Several hundred million dollars of to-day's distribution were paid to men who never heard a shot fired in anger . . ." struck us as oddly bizarre. How many shots in the Great War were fired in anger? That is to say, in actual displeasure, resentment, indignation, pique, umbrage, huff, miff, dudgeon (high or low), acerbity, acrimony, bile, choler, ire, pet, tiff, tantrums, or acharnement? We remember firing a lot of shots in boredom, fear, and/or desperation, but we were never, so far as we can recollect, angry with the enemy, though the French and Belgians, of course, had every reason to be—if it isn't bad form to remember what took place at Dinant and elsewhere. For our part we were permanently in a state of terrible anger with the Brigadier, the purple-faced Yahoo; also with an ass who kept putting *Bubbly* on the gramophone; also with an unspeakable cretin who persistently overcalled on hands Bismarck himself couldn't have played. After a bout with these enemies of society we relaxed by heaving a good-humoured bomb at the chaps opposite, who seemed rather decent by comparison, and felt all the better for it.

Asked to define a perfect shot fired in anger, we should say it was the kind of shot recently fired at Mr. McFarlan Moore, of East Orange, N.J., by an assailant unknown, who left footprints of size 13 shoes. Mr. Moore invented radio-picture apparatus, which has angered a lot of people from time to time. Particularly, it seems, people with enormous feet. There 's a fascinating mystery here if anybody cared to follow it up.

Frolic Time Down South

WE 'RE expecting interesting bulletins from time to time from a man who is taking Blake's cottage at Felpham, near Bognor, for a few weeks. It 's a thatched cottage, once overlooking the sea, and in its pleasant quiet garden Blake one evening saw a fairy's funeral. The late eighteenth-century public wasn't as fairy-minded as our own, so Blake never cashed in on this news-item. The funeral arrangements apparently were carried out very efficiently by the local firm of Grasshopper and Co., bearing the fairy's body on a roseleaf and burying it with songs. The lady to whom Blake solemnly described this occurrence didn't blench, either. She may have thought him slightly cuckoo. Since then, the Surrealists have claimed him as one of them, and lots of people have called him a typical mystic, which he wasn't. (Typical mystics are people of sound common sense and organising ability, like St. Teresa.) Anyhow, our friend, defying all modern copyright, intends to see another fairy funeral, like Blake, and is already skipping about on tiptoe, putting his head on one side and looking pretty arch at people. " To whom do you beautifully belong? " he asks passing postmen and butchers' boys. It would serve him just right to hit on one of those new Oxford policemen we see about nowadays, who would reply with a graceful pirouette: " Sir, I am in a state of simply frightfully ecstatic communion with the Ineluctable—nay, Sir, whoops!—the Incommensurate! "

" Don't say we 've forgotten the mustard again, dear "

Well, this chap 's going to let us know how things occur. Just up the road is the Fox Inn, whose landlord owned Blake's cottage when Blake had a fight (same garden, no fairies) with an ex-Dragoon, who subsequently had Blake before the Chichester magistrates for alleged seditious utterances, including " D—n the King, up with Bonaparte," etc. Blake got off, however, which shows how the fairies stick by their friends. Who got Sir J. Barrie that O.M. ?

Sent - Us - Into - Fitz Dept.

THE first Persian talkie—a boy-meets-girl brawl adapted from the original twelfth-century poem by Nizam, involving the loves of Laila and Majnun—is now being finished, we read the other day, at a Calcutta film studio. and we don't suppose there 'll be many inquiries from Wardour Street, much the same idea having already occurred to the poet Cohen and many others. As one might expect, the Persians have given Omar Khayyam a miss. They rate him as third-class, Sir Denison Ross once told us, and if you 've ever read a literal translation you may agree they 're about right. Fitzgerald made Omar, just as Boswell made Johnson and Goldwyn made Dietrich and Money makes Money and who made *you* so beautiful ?

There is possibly a sort of film in Fitzgerald's Omar, which we once saw mimed in a theatre, terribly nice and quite, quite exhausting, the musical accompaniment being supplied by Oriental instruments, including the ancient yorn. It would be a natural temptation to some film dictators to link up Omar and his girl-friend Thou with the Camel Corps and, possibly, Jack Hylton's Band. (" Well, she falls for the drummer, see ?—there 's your motivation "), but this could probably be dealt with. Certainly Omar would have to do a lot more in a film than just lie about bibbing wine and making mellow but defeatist cracks, some of which are not too hot anyway. Incidentally, the famous line :

" Alas, that Spring should vanish with the roes ! "

came to Fitzgerald while dining at Scott's one night with the eminent Book Critic of the *Evening Standard* in playful mood.

Weinfest

AT Vintners' Hall the other day, members of the Wine and Food Society attended a hock-tasting, chiefly of the 1933 and 1934 vintages. We hear they got through the ordeal without any very grave solecisms—" For god's sake, Emily, stop *nudging* ! "—except for an aged member who thought the invitation was to taste rock, and kept calling shrilly for some of the good old-fashioned stuff, six inches by two and the name " BRIGHTON " all the way. Yet another, a trifle flushed, recounting the day to us, slipped up a trifle over his consonants. In a good hock year the grapes are surely " picked " berry by berry as they come to perfection, not " pickled " ? (That suggested a good jape to us, incidentally, but we forbore to use it, scorning to take advantage, and perhaps a little terrified. Any trifling liberties we allow ourselves in this connection is owing to our being intimate with a Free Vintner of the City of London, who has the privilege of being able to sell wine to the citizenry at any time, day or night, under a statute of Richard II, only he 'd be scared stiff to try. He is extremely proud of this ancient privilege, one of those survivals which make London so interesting to people from Boston, Mass. Where were we ? Oh, yes——.) The W. & F. delegates tasted a lot of vintage hock and nobody fell down, as we observed from the *Times* report. This shows that education is never wasted. Try us with a bottle of Forster Jesuitengarten 1921 (say) and see us roll about, snapping at friendly hands and singing slightly unsuitable songs.

When the W. & F. teach their adepts to sing vintage songs as they taste, praising God in the drinking of wine, a little more will have been achieved. Joy ! That 's the word—joy.

My Dear, Too Bemusing !

AT the Surrealist show we saw a pair of dear old ladies gazing at one of the more noisome exhibits—just a pair of lips, expressive of intense evil—with bland incomprehension, as

" I will come back, dear, at eventide—— "

"I think Hamilton wants to go home"

if it were one of the more metaphysical works of Millais or Landseer. Glancing round that day's other visitors, we conjectured that at least 80 per cent. of those who have seen the show up to now are entirely impervious to the influences emanating from these works of art. That moral perversity and general evil bolshiness, meant to stun and appal the bourgeoisie, must fail to a large extent because the bourgeoisie haven't the faintest idea what it 's all about.

The British exhibitors seemed to keep their end up pretty well with such masters of the unfunny perverse as Salvator Dali *Paranoiac Head* (62) and *Aphrodisiac Jacket* (67), Giacometti *Decomposed Relations* (120, ditto), and Hans Bellmer *Variations on the Assemblage of an Articulated Child* (25). Coming away we thought of what the great Chesterton said with a chuckle when some provincial fool accused him of being behind the times. "When I see the awful people who are abreast of the times, and the perfectly ghastly people who are ahead of the times, I 'm reconciled to being behind 'em."

Surrey, and All That

SWITCHING on the wireless frequently of late to find some orchestra or other playing Montagu Phillips's "Surrey" Suite (against which there is not a word to be said), we 've wondered if it 's the beginning of a publicity drive, subsidised jointly by the Stock Exchange and the Rhododendron Growers' Association, both of which bodies have such a large stake in the county. That 's a problem for naturalists, too—why do stockbrokers and rhododendrons always go together, like lamb and red-currant jelly and Nervo and Knox ? You can't answer it. And here 's another problem—why did the Dolmetsch family choose a place like Surrey to make their beautiful clavichords and what-not in ? Why not Buckinghamshire, where there are maiden ladies who weave almost everything with bitter efficiency, singing hey nonny nonny ?

To boost Surrey properly, they need decent county folklore, like Sussex. Any literary man worth his salt will fake a few rural legends for a pint or so, and materials for Surrey are at hand, surely ? What about starting with a fay-haunted glade at, say, Newlands Corner ? On summer nights couldn't tiny voices be heard calling, like the tinkle of crystal bells : "Sell out at 68 ! "? Then there is the mystical Warlock of Churt, who can make the sun rise over the far distant hills of Wales any time by singing a hymn, tremolo. Again, what of the troll-hut near Guildford, inhabited by a Gaumont-British troll almost spherical in shape ? Surrey 's packed with folklore and mystery if you know where to find it.

Pet's Corner

THERE should be plenty of thrills and glamour, mirth and tears in *Fleet Street*, a film about to be made, for some reason ; especially as they 're bringing somebody over from Hollywood specially to write it. Discussing it the other day with a British film mogul, we expressed the natural hope that eminent Fleet Street personalities would figure in it en chair et en os, and we argued for some time that the largest and most colourful personality in the Street of Bunk should certainly play the lead himself. Our mogul said in that case they 'd have to get a new title involving the Viscount. All right, we said, what about *The Thick Man* ?

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Just sit tight, sir"

Films of the Day

Drama in Biography : By George Campbell

HYDROPHOBIA is not ordinarily a sympathetic subject, nor are germs very photogenic. Yet Warner's have made such an excellent film about Pasteur that one foresees a whole scientific cycle, none complete without its close-ups of bacilli, and heroine in white urging on her man to new and greater triumphs over disease.

If they are all as good as *The Story of Louis Pasteur*, I for one shan't mind. Pasteur was not a showy figure. He was not handsome or conspicuously attractive, though there may have been truth in what he told the daughter of the Dean of Strasburg in his quaint letter of proposal : " There is nothing in me to attract a young girl's fancy, but my recollection tells me that those who knew me very well loved me very much." He travelled hardly at all ; he spent his days and nights in lecture-room and laboratory, poring over the most intricate and difficult chemical and biological experiments yet undertaken ; in his whole laborious life there was not action enough, of the conventionally dramatic kind, to fill one reel. If a picture about such a man is nevertheless good entertainment and good drama—and *The Story of Louis Pasteur* is both—there must be a lesson in it somewhere. And surely that lesson is that the average film producer and director exaggerate the importance of physical movement. Like the cynical Frenchman who defined love as an affair of the epidermis, they concentrate on their characters' physiology at the expense of their psychology. We see them whirled from bath to supper-table, from Mayfair to Nepaul, from submarine depths to the stratosphere. And at the end of ten reels we know no more about them, really, than when the film began.

AT the end of *Pasteur* we do feel that we know the man. We understand something of the passion for scientific knowledge that was his driving force. " Work ! Work ! Work ! " he used to say. " Il faut travailler toujours ! " Knowledge for its own sake was holy : if it turned out to have some practical value, that was doubly gratifying. In actual learning he does not seem to have been at all phenomenal. In fact, when he passed his examinations for the degree of bachelor of science his papers were passed on with the attached note : " The candidate's knowledge of chemistry is mediocre." Something wrong here, suggests a biographer. Possibly the examiner.

Where Pasteur excelled was in his relentless passion for work, and in the imagination that dared conceive of hypotheses regarded by all the savants of the day as lunacy. Men killed by creatures too small to be seen with the naked eye ?—preposterous ! Fevers were an act of God, and should be accepted with becoming resignation and respect.

" THE STORY OF LOUIS PASTEUR " ends with the scene in which he is honoured by the Académie. We hear him make a speech, but not the infinitely finer speech that he actually delivered at the opening of the Pasteur Institute in 1888 :

Two opposing laws seem to me now in contest : the one, a law of blood and death, opening out each day new modes of destruction, forces nations to be always ready for the battle ; the other, the law of peace, work and health, whose only aim is to deliver man from the calamities that beset him. The one seeks violent conquests, the other the relief of mankind. The one places a single life above all victories, the other sacrifices hundreds of thousands of lives to the ambition of a single individual. Which of these laws will prevail ? God only knows.

That call of fifty years ago, inspired by the Franco-Prussian War, has the note of greatness ; and it might have been written yesterday. With thin-skinned dictators running Europe, and censors running amok, it probably struck Warner's as a shade too topical to be good business. A pity.

" Where There's a Will "

The Will is Will Hay, the schoolmaster of a hundred music-hall turns ; now the pathetic but comic hero of a semi-crook story, which William Beaudine directed. Gina Malo and Hartley Power are in it, and it went to the Tivoli last week

" The Phantom Gondola "

Marcelle Chantal as Lady Diana Wyndham and Roger Karl as Selim Pasha are heroine and villain of the Maurice Dekobra thriller at the Curzon, based on an adventure of his " Madonna of the Sleeping Car." Augusto Genino directed

THE only people who don't seem to mind a little mud-slinging are the Americans, though naturally they like to sling the mud themselves. *The Prisoner of Shark Island* is quite devastating. We meet Dr. Samuel Mudd, practising modestly in a backwater of Maryland. One night destiny knocks at his door. Two men stand there, one with a broken leg. He sets the leg, and the man rides off, leaving fifty dollars instead of the two the doctor asks—the one circumstance that might be called suspicious. Next day a whole Continent knew that Lincoln was dead—shot by John Wilkes Booth, who broke his leg in escaping ; and a scream went up for vengeance. Booth was killed while resisting arrest : every man and woman who could possibly be dragged in as an accomplice was arrested, amongst them Dr. Mudd. Four or five were hanged after one of the most scandalous trials in history. Dr. Mudd was sent to an appalling prison on one of the Dry Tortugas—earlier a haunt of the buccaneers—known as " Shark Island." How he escapes and is re-captured ; how he is brutally ill-treated and eventually wins a pardon by his heroism during a yellow fever epidemic makes the strongest drama of its kind since *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang*.

IF you like thrillers I can also recommend *The Phantom Gondola*. The film, considerably better than Maurice Dekobra's novel, ends with lustful Turk, Lady Diana Wyndham and an escaped serpent all tangled on the floor together. I leave you to guess who bites whom.

Peggy Ashcroft in a Tchehov Part

This year, her tenth on the stage, Peggy Ashcroft has played two brilliantly successful parts, both at the New; first of all Juliet, heroine of the tragedy of circumstance, and now Nina, heroine of the tragedy of temperament in Tchehov's *The Seagull*. Komisarjevsky, Peggy Ashcroft's husband, produced this starry show—starry because the cast includes Edith Evans, John Gielgud and Stephen Haggard. Lowen has painted the portrait of Miss Ashcroft as Nina in the "enchanting freshness of the early scenes" before her hair is up or her heart is broken

Yevonde

Lady Diana Abdy

Lady Diana Abdy is the Earl and Countess of Bradford's eldest daughter, and married Sir Robert Abdy as his second wife in 1930. They have a house called Newton Ferrers in Cornwall, and a Carlos Place one in London. Lady Anne Bridgeman is Lady Diana Abdy's sister; the youngest was Lady Joan Bridgeman, who died so tragically after a hunting accident last year. Sir Robert Abdy is the fifth Baronet, and was in the 15th Hussars

Norman Parkinson

Mrs. F. G. Miles—Pilot, Mathematician, Designer

Mrs. Miles, who was Maxine Forbes-Robertson and is Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson's eldest daughter, works with her husband in the aeroplane-designing partnership that has produced the Hawk, the Falcon, and the Merlin. Stresses are her speciality, which means that arithmetic has become mathematics for her. She is also an expert pilot. She and her husband live near Reading in a lovely house which she designed, and on the staircase of which her photograph was taken

Stratford Players

Who will Appear Next Week in *Hamlet*

Donald Wolfit will play Hamlet
Here he is Cassius in "Julius Cæsar"

Valerie Tudor will play Ophelia
Here she's Hero in "Much Ado"

Roy Byford, the Stratford Comedian

● ***Valerie Tudor,*** *Stratford's Ophelia, is a newcomer to the Festival; has played Portia, Viola and Hero so far this year. She was in James Bridie's "The Black Eye" in London, and before that worked at the Liverpool Repertory Theatre, Croydon, and the Old Vic*

● ***Donald Wolfit*** *is also new to Stratford; his Cassius is his most notable performance among a number of excellent characterisations. He played Hamlet once at the Westminster, has had Shakespearean experience at the Old Vic, was in "The Moon in the Yellow River," and has been working for the films since 1934*

● ***Roy Byford*** *has been acting at Stratford since 1926; his Falstaff and Sly and Casca are all famous, particularly his Falstaff, which he first played in 1916. In "Hamlet" he is playing the First Grave-Digger*

The first performance of *Hamlet* at Stratford-on-Avon takes place next Monday, and is being produced by B. Iden Payne

Photographs by Anthony

Gerti Deutsch, Vienna

Sir James Jeans—Astronomical Interpreter

Sir James Jeans turned astronomy and physics into best-selling subjects when he wrote *The Universe Around Us* and its even more popular offspring, *The Mysterious Universe*, seven years ago. The lucidity and simplicity of his writing and the vivid aptness of his illustrations and explanatory metaphors discovered to hundreds of readers a new world in which their eager ignorance might stumble fascinatedly along behind the men of science. Until he published those books, Sir James Jeans had been an author only for his equals, and the titles of his earlier works are heavy with the weight of pure learning. He is a Londoner, was at the Merchant Taylors' School and Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he became a Fellow in 1901, when he was twenty-four; his career is milestoned with appointments as lecturer, professor, president of various scientific institutions; he was President of the British Association in 1934. His first wife, who died in 1934, was American, his second wife, whom he married last autumn, is Viennese; he has one daughter, and lives at Dorking

The R.A.F. Displa

Some of the Cast for Last S

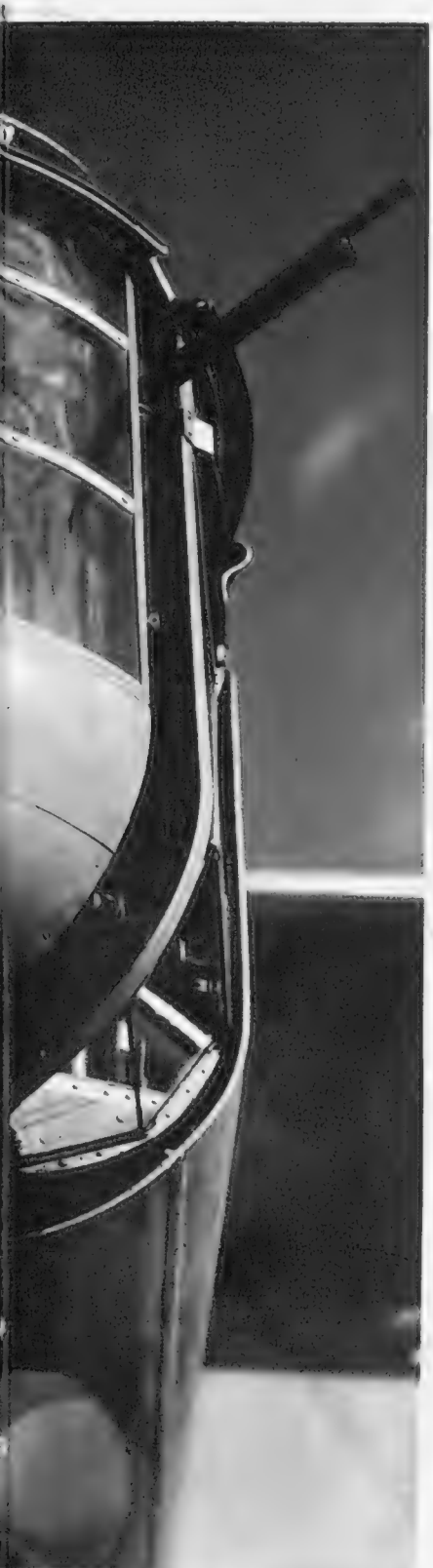
The Fastest Single-Seat Fighter in the R.A.F.— a Gloster "Gauntlet" with a Bristol "Mercury" Engine

The Beak of the Bird: a Quick-Acting Gun

On the left are the port bows and one engine of t strand," a medium bomber of high manœuvrability. engines. Its defence is two gun turrets, the for Lying between the engines, this is revolved mechanc one man in air speeds up to 300 m.p.h. The rapidly brought to cover everything ahead, ab

y at Hendon

Saturday's Sky Show



Turret on the "Overstrand"

he Boulton and Paul "Over-driven by Bristol "Pegasus" ard of which is seen above. ally and can be operated by quick-firing gun can thus be ove, or below the machine

The Nose of a Hawker "Fury," a Fighter with a Rolls Royce Engine

LAST Saturday's R.A.F. display at Hendon was something more than the thrill of beauty and precision which the craning audiences find it. It was the climax of another year's training for the whole force. Every item in the display is part of the drill through which pilots, observers, gunners—even wireless operators—must go. Sir Philip Sassoon has announced that our "new" Air Force will be "second to none." Many R.A.F. fighters are already the fastest machines in the world (excepting racing 'planes), cruising at 300 m.p.h. The bombers can carry big loads over big distances, and the degree of manœuvrability is growing rapidly in these machines, whose only defence is attack. Norman Parkinson has photographed some of the sky-circus steeds: the Gloster "Gauntlet" up on the left did advance flying with radio, and was responsible for one of the biggest thrills of the display — three of them stunted while tied together; the Hawker "Fury" above made a convincing attack on the "Overstrand" medium bomber. All the items together, making up the seventeenth of these displays, pushed the public one more step towards the great necessity of air-mindedness

Photographs by Norman Parkinson

Sir Bryan Godfrey-Faussett is talking to ex-King Alfonso of Spain, who has been a spectator of all the Westchester Cup games

Captain Euan Wallace and Mrs. Ernest Simpson were in Lord Sefton's party for the second match

The Westchester Cup

Social Gallery at Hurlingham for the Second American Victory

Miss Dorothy Fell

Left: Dorothy Fell, who was over here last season from New York, is staying with her aunt, Lady Granard, and watched the polo like a good American

Mr and Mrs. Peter Martineau armed themselves with cushions on their way to sit and watch. He is Sir William Martineau's youngest son, and she was Barbara Liddell

Right: Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Murray Smith were another pair of young-marrieds who came and went together

Lord and Lady Belper aren't often photographed in a London setting; they live in Derbyshire

The Duchess of Gloucester Presents the Cup

After another wildly exciting match, which England lost by eight goals to six, the American team rode up to receive the Westchester Cup from the Duchess of Gloucester. She handed it to Mr. Winston Guest as captain, with the other three heroes, Pedley, Phipps, and Iglehart looking on, while cameras clicked and everyone cheered

The Marquess and Marquesa de Portago were in the stand. He is a polo player himself, but nowadays takes his film work too seriously to play as much as he used to

The Earl of Athlone watched from the Royal Box; on his way there he stopped to talk to Sir Thomas Inskip

Below: Miss Diana Hastings arrived with Mr. H. H. Hughes, England's No. 1, and helped someone else carry a big heavy suit-case

Lord Louis Mountbatten, Mme. Le Tillon, Lady Louis Mountbatten, and Lord Portarlington walked across to their seats together

Photographs by Anthony

As Zobeide in "Scheherazade"

A month ago Jeanne Lauret was given the first big part of her ballet career when she danced Zobeide in *Scheherazade* at the Alhambra. In Fokine's new ballet, *Don Juan*, to Gluck music, she has an important part as Elvira, one of the Don's victims and daughter of the murdered Commendatore. The new ballet was given for the first time last Thursday. Jeanne Lauret, generally called Jeannette, is twenty years old, and of a really exceptional beauty. She was trained by Ricaux in Paris, and educated at the Sorbonne, went to the Opéra Comique and was discovered there by Serge Lifar, who drew René Blum's attention to her. She is the only French member of the company and, in fact, the only French dancer to dance leading rôles in the history of Russian Ballet

Jeanne Lauret

A New Dancer in the Blum Ballet Company

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The Splendid Event . . . it comes to each one of us, sometime, somewhere. A first Garden Party . . . Court . . . a "twenty-first" . . . or even a few thrilling minutes with some celebrity. We recall them with such enjoyment . . . . or disappointment should anything mar the great moment.

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It's Margaret Sullavan

But Hasn't She Got a Look of—

Constance Bennett?

Katharine Hepburn?

And Even Elisabeth Bergner?

These chameleon pictures of Margaret Sullavan are stills from her new picture, *The Moon's Our Home*, which the Plaza took and showed last week. It's a cheerful, amusing romance, with Margaret Sullavan as a temperamental film star with a sense of humour, Henry Fonda as the boy friend, and Charles Butterworth as his competitor; directed with wit and discrimination by William A. Seiter. It's just two years since Miss Sullavan's first film, *Only Yesterday*, came to London, and made her immediate reputation as a sincere, intelligent and moving actress, one of Hollywood's most promising captures from Broadway. Since then *Little Man, What Now?*, *The Good Fairy* and *So Red the Rose* showed that the promise had authenticity. But what hairdressing mistakes Garbo has been responsible for . . . .

"Bystander" Short Story No. 44

Writ of Attachment

By Anthony Gittins

DID you ever hear how Mrs. Christopher de Cordon Rouge proved her husband a liar, and consequently, without much more trouble, obtained her divorce? Or, rather, did you ever find out which newspaper printed the most accurate version of the affair? For (by a coincidence perhaps unprecedented in the history of Fleet Street) all the papers differed considerably in their presentation of the facts, and the public was, for once, confused.

In the first place, the age of Mrs. de Cordon Rouge was given as 22, 23, 24, and, through a misprint, 299. Actually she was 25. Secondly, Mr. de Cordon Rouge came across his chère amie, Miss Piper ("Pips") Pommery, on the beach at Cannes, and not on the rocks at Juan-les-Pins, or the plage at Nice. This, indeed, was an important point, but the newspapers must here be exonerated from blame, for naturally they preferred to mention the name of the resort from which they gleaned most advertising.

Thirdly, the best description of Miss Pommery's character and habits is conveyed by reference to her jars of lotions, creams, skin foods and sunburn protective balm. Being proprietary articles, these were mentioned but vaguely by the papers, and this is *another* reason why the affair was not properly understood by the public.

Let us make it clear, therefore, that it was Miss Pommery's custom each morning to walk from her hotel to the beach, taking with her a magazine, a box of cigarettes, and three tiny jars containing cold cream, anti-blister ointment, and sunburn protective balm.

At intervals, she would anoint herself from one or another of these, and because she was extremely proud of her white skin she would use the sunburn protective balm with needless extravagance. It was very good balm. A tiny jar cost a guinea, and only a light smear of it sufficed to keep her skin white for two or three days under the hottest sun.

Sometimes she was accompanied from her hotel by a gallant (modern type, super-supercilious), sometimes she made a date to meet her admirers on the beach. This morning she lay full length in the flaming heat and hoped that young Louis Cliquot would turn up. As usual, she was wearing a bathing-suit which, like the subsequent Press reports, touched only on the bare essentials of her life. Suddenly someone said: "Hul-lo, Pips!"

Now Miss Piper Pommery had her code. She was not completely unregenerate. And so, while she did not object to being called Piper by young men of slight acquaintance, she allowed none save friends of long standing to call her Pips. She looked up coldly. And there beside her was Mr. Christopher de Cordon Rouge, whom she had supposed to be in London.

"Why, Chris, da-a-rling!" she exclaimed, with a seductive whinny. "What are you doing in Cannes?"

The question was more pertinent than she realised, because Mr. Christopher de Cordon Rouge should have been transacting business in Biarritz. His wife Christine, was in London.

"Staying here for a couple of days," he replied, settling down on the sand beside her. "Got to leave to-morrow. I've been looking everywhere for you, Pips."

Miss Pommery slanted a glance at him, and, by rolling her eyes, churned the cream of naughtiness into their expression. "How did you know I was here?" she asked.

"Saw your photo in one of the illustrated papers."

(Concluded on page 30)

Sketch by Molly Bishop

". . . with the tip of her finger traced five words on his back"

Writ of Attachment *(Continued from page 29)*

And so, having satisfied each other's curiosity on the circumstances of their meeting, they lay with their backs to the sun, rested their heads on their arms, and talked.

The spot chosen by Miss Pommery for her chit-chat with Louis Cliquot was in one of the least frequented parts of the foreshore. But she didn't want Louis now. So when he eventually turned up she told him, as cool as dammit, that he 'd mistaken the date. Louis meant nothing much to her, anyway. His car wasn't even a sports model.

He left them. Presently, Mr. Christopher de Cordon Rouge, who was thirty and unprincipled, expounded his views on marriage.

" A man who marries a pretty woman," he drawled, " is always damned jealous or afraid that one of her admirers 'll come along and sneak her. It happens nine times in ten."

" Well," she said, ceasing to trace her forefinger over the muscles of his left arm, " what 's your solution, darling ? " She transferred her finger to his shoulder blades, resting her arm on his back. " Suppose Christine discovered that you 'd come to Cannes . . ."

" Suppose she did ? "

" . . . . and that you 'd met me ? " concluded Miss Pommery. " But tell me, Chris," she added, before he had time to answer, " have any of your male friends been exhibiting admiration for Christine lately ? "

" No. What I mean is, a man should . . . . ow ! "

" What on earth 's the matter ? "

" If you want to draw pictures on my back, darling," he explained, " I wish you 'd stick the end of your finger into the cold cream. It 's as sore as hell."

" But you haven't burnt a bit brown, yet ! "

" I know. But I 'll be like a nigger before the day 's out," he rejoined. " At present, my skin 's just perishin' sore, and cold cream 's the best thing for it."

" Poor dear ! " she said compassionately, dipping her finger into the jar by her side. " What is it you were saying a man should do ? "

" He ought to marry a homespun woman who wouldn't always have admirers round her. She 'd do for domestic purposes. Then he could fall in love with whom he liked."

" It sounds easy, put like that," remarked Miss Pommery. " But why didn't you do that, Chris ? After all, Christine 's not plain. She 's pretty."

" Not half so pretty as you, Pips," he said, looking at her. " You 're an angel, and I love you ten times more than Christine." He took her left hand. " What 's your answer to that ? "

She returned his gaze, and smiled a little. " In words, or in writing ? " she asked at length.

" In both," he replied.

So, still smiling, she raised herself on one elbow and, with the tip of her finger, traced five words on his back. Again he complained of his soreness.

" Darling, I can't use *all* my cold cream on you," she retorted, dipping her finger once more into the jar. " There ! " And satisfied, apparently, by this childish action, she again laid her shoulder to the sand. " That was in writing," she said. " Now do you want it in words ? "

" Please."

" I love you, too, Chris," said Miss Pommery.

The time was then eleven o'clock. Two hours later they rose, flung wraps over their bathing costumes, and went along to the Parlez d'Amour Bar for cocktails and a snack.

Soon afterwards they returned to their spot on the beach, where they sun-bathed until seven, by which hour, lo and behold ! Mr. Christopher de Cordon Rouge was almost as black as a nigger, and Miss Piper Pommery was as white as ever.

They resumed their wraps. Hers was primrose in colour. She adored primrose. Even her pyjamas were primrose. His wrap was green. He was very fond of green. Even his pyjamas were green.

When she saw him off the next morning, on his return to London, she said : " Darling, are you sure there 's no chance of Christine knowing ? "

" None at all," he replied. " How on earth could she ? I 've been in Biarritz all the time, on business." He laughed, and kissed her. " Good-bye, Pips. You know, it 's the last thing in the world I 'd have happen."

" What is ? "

" To have Christine divorce me. You see, she does so well for utility and domestic purposes. Remember what I told you yesterday ? "

Upon saying which, this charming man stepped into the train and was parted from Miss Piper Pommery. He treasured her as his chère amie, but he would not have appreciated her as his wife—if only for the exorbitance of her hotel bill, which he had obligingly settled.

In due course he reached London. He went home. He kissed his wife several times, and told her the state in which he had found business at Biarritz. He had bathed, he said, and sun-bathed, and felt very well indeed.

" You look it, my dear," she said, believing every word. And there would have been an end of the story, had he not asked her that night to rub some cold cream on his back. For, when he presented his deeply sunburnt back for this operation, she dropped the jar of cold cream.

" Chris ! "

" What ? My back ? I 'll bet it 's pretty black."

She put her next question slowly, in a different tone. " Have you seen your back ? "

" No. Why ? Is it very sore ? "

" You 'd better have a look at it in the mirror," she replied coldly.

So he went to a cheval-glass, and stood with his back to it, observing his reflection therein with a hand-mirror.

It made him stare, and gasp, and stare again. For on his sunburnt skin, in clear white letters, was the inscription : " I love you, too. Pips."

Miss Pommery had unfortunately dipped her finger into the jar of sunburn protective balm.

THE END.

Mr. and Mrs. John Loder

John Loder and Mlle. Micheline Cheiral, the French film actress, got married last week ; the day was only fixed at the last minute because of John Loder's work. He has taken over the part in " Sabotage," opposite Sylvia Sidney, which Robert Donat was going to play but gave up because of his health

Magnates of Industry

Mr. Joseph Rank

Is the chairman of Joseph Rank, Ltd., and of Ranks, Ltd., two of the biggest milling concerns in the country

Lord Kemsley

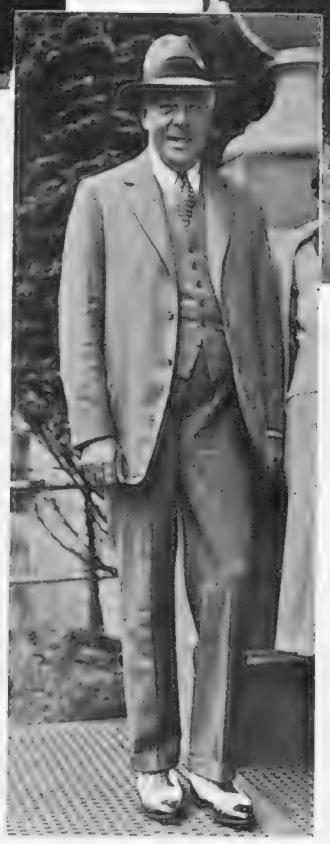
(Sir Gomer Berry that was), is deputy-chairman of Allied Newspapers, Ltd., Kelly's Directories, Ltd., the "Daily Sketch," and "Sunday Graphic," and part proprietor of the "Daily Telegraph"

Mr. Simon Marks

Is the chairman and managing director of Marks and Spencer, Ltd., also Vice-President of the English Zionists, and a member of the Jewish Settlement in Palestine Council

Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen

Is the chairman of the British-American Tobacco Company. He started as a civil engineer; is also well known as a racehorse owner

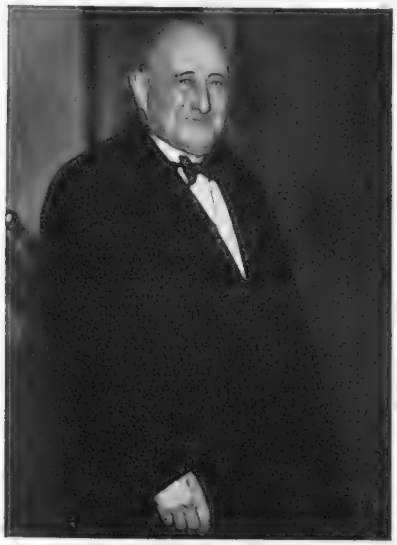


Lord Ashfield

Left: Lord Ashfield is chairman of the L.P.T.B. He started his career in transport in the States; came over to join the District Railway in 1907, was chairman and managing director of the Underground until the L.P.T.B. was formed

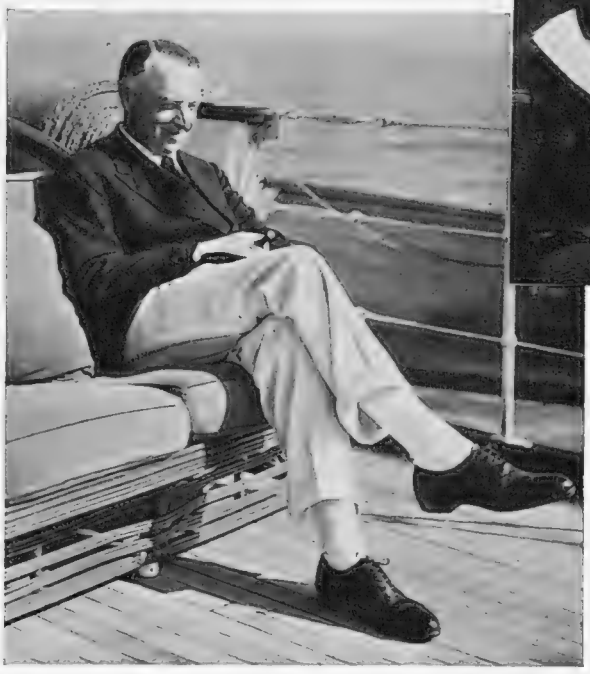
Lord Hirst of Witton

Lord Hirst (who was Sir Hugo Hirst before 1934) is chairman of the General Electric Company, and a great authority on the economic side of the coal trade; started his business career in pre-war Germany; is chairman of the Empire Committee of the Federation of British Industries



Mr. Edward Robson

Is another business man well known as a racehorse owner. He is chairman of the paint combine Pinchin, Johnson and Co., Ltd.



Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith

Left: Thomas Octave Murdoch Sopwith is best-known for his recreation of yachting; in business he is chairman of Hawker Aircraft, Ltd.; first big commercial venture into aviation was in 1912 when he founded the Sopwith Aviation Co., Ltd.

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

More About the Ballet : By Alan Thomas

With balletomania at its height, a spate of new books on the ballet is to be expected. Four have just been published, and they cover the subject so comprehensively that they may be considered as the essential text-books for converting a novice into a full-blown balletomane. We begin with Mr. Arnold Haskell's *Prelude to Ballet* (Nelson ; 3*s.* 6*d.*). He describes it as "A Guide to Appreciation," and as he is the arch-balletomane of England there could be no better tutor. In non-technical language he explains the A B C of ballet, takes us step by step through the training of a ballet dancer, and analyses the development and technique of the ballet. It is an authoritative, concise and useful little book. The indefatigable Mr. Haskell is also responsible for *The Balletomane's Scrapbook* (Black ; 7*s.* 6*d.*), which contains nearly two hundred photographs of Colonel de Basil's dancers.

The third book, *The Birth of Ballets-Russes*, by Prince Peter Lieven (Allen and Unwin ; 15*s.*), is in essence the history of the Diaghileff ballet. As a Russian who was an habitué of the Imperial Ballet, he is specially qualified to give an account of the evolution of the modern ballet. But the book is likely to be popular because of its vivid and incisive pen-portraits. Prince Lieven's study of Diaghileff is outstanding. Inevitably he contributes his account of the Nijinsky affaire, and one hopes this may be the last word on a melancholy subject. There are a number of admirable illustrations.

Mr. Rayner Heppenstall's *Apology for Dancing* (Faber and Faber ; 12*s.* 6*d.*) will appeal mainly to the highest brows among balletomanes. He, too, discusses the origins of the ballet and its modern form. Perhaps because Mr. Heppenstall believes ballet to be "a perfect abstract of Social History," he strongly disapproves of Massine's recent work. Every page bristles with provocative and stimulating opinions, and his chapter on Isadora Duncan, whose art he describes as "sexual display," will enrage her disciples.

"Laughter from the Lowlands," by Hugh Talbot (Dent ; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is the life-story of Adriaen Brouwer, painter, strolling player, soldier (he was through the siege of Breda), vagabond, friend of Sir Peter Paul Rubens and Frans Hals. Little appears to be known about the real Adriaen Brouwer's life, and the story is almost entirely fictitious. The picture we have of him is that of a poor, lousy painter, a buffoon and boozing companion, a cynical, confident sinner who regards money as an encumbrance, women as a nuisance, is at home in the tavern, is not uncomfortable in prison, and who hopes that his epitaph may be "He made us laugh." He was a painter of genius—and a drunkard. His life, short but gay, was a succession of tavern scenes (such as he himself might have painted) and mad-dog escapades. Both Hals and Rubens figure in the book, the former as a sensuous, passionate egotist, the latter as a rich, powerful diplomatist whose fiery spirit, outwardly restrained by the chains of social responsibility, came out only in his paintings, which were full of fury, cruelty, and lust.

Laughter from the Lowlands (not a very suitable title) is an entertaining novel whose scenes are conveyed with a sure sense of period. Brouwer's pictures, by the way, may still be seen in London. "The Sleeping Peasant," in the Wallace Collection, is one of the best known.

Mr. R. H. Mottram's new book, *Journey to the Western Front* (Bell ; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is an attempt, as he puts it, to recapture the past in the present. If only to assure himself that it all really happened, he went over to see what the battlefields looked like twenty years after. From north to south he traversed practically the whole area covered by the British Armies. His route was lined with memorials and cemeteries. Broadly speaking, most of the scars have healed, but traces remain : in Monchy-le-Preux the sign-post still stands pointing to Orange Hill and Happy Valley, and the marks of shrapnel still show grimly on the tree-trunks of Bourlon Wood. Mr. Mottram discourses as he travels, reviving memories of old, unhappy, far-off things and battles long ago. It is a book mainly for those who took part in that strange adventure : for others it might almost seem to relate, as Mr. Mottram says, to something that happened to the Ancient Egyptians.

Mr. Geoffrey Gover's new book, *Nobody Talks Politics* (Michael Joseph ; 8*s.* 6*d.*), is full of people who talk of nothing else. The Prelude describes a party (social, not political), held in 1924, at which Freddie Green gets bitten by a lemur, passes out, and wakes up ten years later. In that decade the world has changed. Conversation, instead of being about art, sex, and other people, is now entirely political. The social butterfly to whom he was half-engaged before his attack of lemurosis is now a Communist. His sister, whom he remembers as a schoolgirl, now wears corduroy trousers and drinks whiskies and sodas. We attend meetings of Fascists and Communists, up-to-date cocktail-parties ("Cyprian Quaene, At Home 9.30, Economic Discussion and Charades"), gatherings of cranks of one sort and another.

The book is a kind of political kaleidoscope presented in the form of satirical fiction—prosy in places and, on the whole, rather unsubtle. The part I enjoyed most was the Appendix. Here Mr. Gover takes leave of what, to him, is the uncongenial medium of fiction and gives us his views on our Political Intelligentsia. Mr. Wyndham Lewis (not my colleague on this paper, but his namesake) and Mr. H. G. Wells having been put in their respective places, the author develops his own opinions on Communism and Fascism. (He himself is a "Pink," being, as he confesses, too cowardly and too lazy to be a Communist.) His conclusion is that if you are prepared to act as a Communist, then be one : if you don't want Fascism and want to postpone the revolution, then be a Conservative ; but, whatever you do, keep Labour in opposition. "Labour again in power means Fascism."

Mr. Gover is a writer of serious purpose. But I feel that this book falls between two stools. As a satirist he is too crude and hardly witty enough, and for the seriousness of his purpose I do not think he could have done better than proceed along the lines of his readable Appendix and given us straight stuff.

Anthony

Arnold Haskell —Balletomane-in-Chief

The leading English historian and critic of the ballet has just added two more books to the steady stream of comment and history that ballet is inspiring the publishers of London to produce. "Balletomane's Scrapbook" and "Prelude to Ballet" are both reviewed on this page

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Graceful picture frocks in chiffon, taffeta and flowered organza will be worn by many debutantes at the Afternoon Receptions to be held at Buckingham Palace on July 21st and 22nd. The majority are cut with billowing sleeves and full skirts which barely clear the ground. A simple study in white silk organdie is pictured on the right. It comes from Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, where an extensive collection of lovely frocks for important social functions may be seen. The appliqué check with black and white motifs, and ciré satin sash, lend an air of distinction, while the square neck is softened by a cape collar

Lenare

Crowned in Felt and Straw

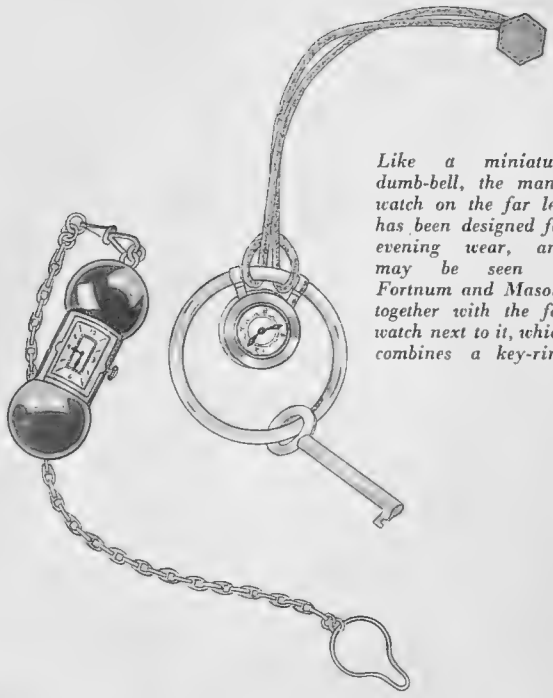
Summer felts in pastel tints are being launched by Harrods, Knightsbridge, for the July season. Sweeping brims and shallow crowns prevail at the moment, though the latter will soar as the autumn advances. A charming model with a velvet crown is seen above. The colour, an elusive shade of green, is unusually becoming to both dark and fair, and would strike a welcome contrast with either a black or white frock. A velvet chrysanthemum is poised on the crown

There is an air of youthful sophistication about the hat on the left in white exotic straw with a black velvet crown. It is simple, yet perfect in every detail, and may be seen at Harrods. A smart alternative is provided by the new "Directoire" hat in stitched taffeta, or felt trimmed with ostrich plumes in three shades of fuchsia and bright emerald green. The crown is five inches high and tapers to a conical peak, while the brim is narrow

Dover Street Studios

THE BYSTANDER TWINS

NOVELTIES



Like a miniature dumb-bell, the man's watch on the far left has been designed for evening wear, and may be seen at Fortnum and Mason, together with the fob watch next to it, which combines a key-ring

Hexagonal shoes, called "Hex" for short, are designed exclusively by Peal, 487, Oxford Street. They are delightfully comfortable as well as smart, and can be made in any design or colour scheme. The angular toe and heel are new

A crystal clip set with paste and a watch in the centre is sketched on the left. It comes from the gift department at Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly, and is suitable for day or evening, as it is simple and yet decorative

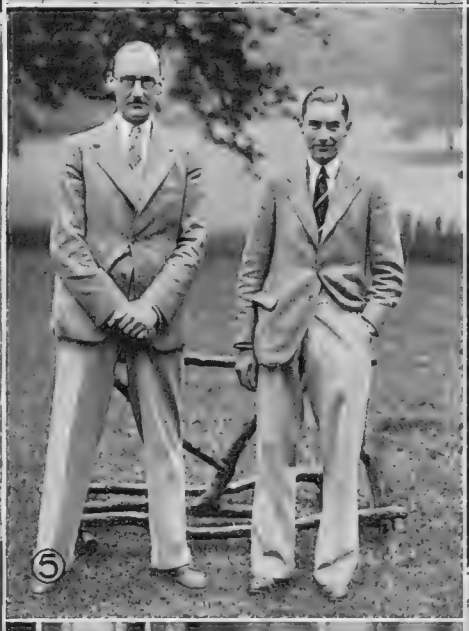
One of the trials of being away from home is that shoes are seldom cleaned to one's liking. Peal's, however, are showing compact leather cases containing all cleaning requisites, including two jars of cream and a duster

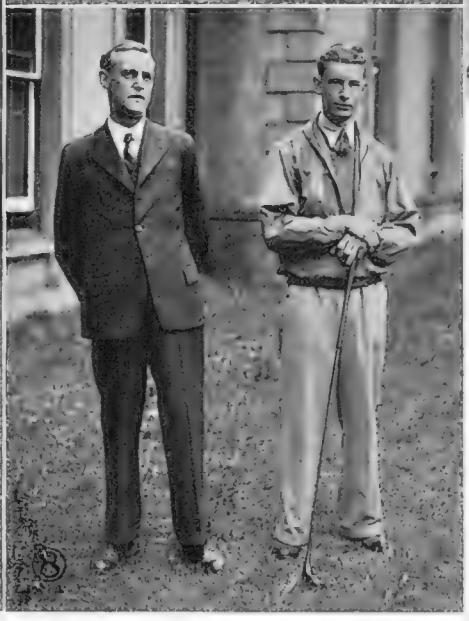
Below: Picnickers will revel in the new Cerebos pepper and salt cruets, which cost a penny each at Fortnum and Mason. They are easy to pack and impart just that necessary "zip" to a pâté-de-foie-gras sandwich

Below: "Queen of the Seas" is the name of Marshall and Snelgrove's (Oxford Street) perfume for summer days. It has a light, sparkling fragrance which lends charm and personality to the wearer, while a diminutive edition of the Queen Mary is engraved on the glass stopper

Golf Clubs at Home

Warlingham Club, Surrey





(1) A. Hands (committee member) and E. W. Lighton (hon. secretary). (2) W. L. Macdona and D. J. Billes. (3) G. A. Williamson and J. G. Williamson. (4) A. G. Batley and C. O. Hown. (5) E. L. Vaus and M. L. Carr. (6) J. A. Billes and G. F. Mathieson. (7) H. L. Plummer and W. J. Honey. (8) W. McWatt (steward) and C. French (professional)

A Dissertation upon GIN

Being a *True and Unembellished* Account of that *Worthy* Spirit's Vast and *Manifold Blessings* . . . its *Curative Properties etc. etc.*, and making *Especial Mention* of that MELLOW *and* MATURE GIN known to all as

Booth's Gin

DEDICATED WITH AFFECTIONATE RESPECT TO THE *ORIGINAL EXPONENT* OF THE ART OF DISTILLING GIN, *SIR* FELIX BOOTH, *BT*

THE great and ever increasing popularity of Gin is no subject for wonderment. For a FINE GIN is a benevolent, kindly spirit, bringing comfort to the heart of man.

¶ FINE GIN is made from sun-drenched grain, infused with fragrant, healthful herbs. There is Juniper, which lends its fragrance and clears the complexion. There is Coriander, so soothing to the interior. And there is Angelica to impart its intriguing flavour.

¶ And then after the delicate process of many distillations & 'rectifications,' BOOTH's put their Gin to rest in sherry casks until, in the course of time, it gains a mellowness, rich, round and smooth.

¶ Are we then to be surprised that doctors, in their wisdom, recommend FINE GIN—*BOOTH'S GIN* as a tonic and even as a cure ?

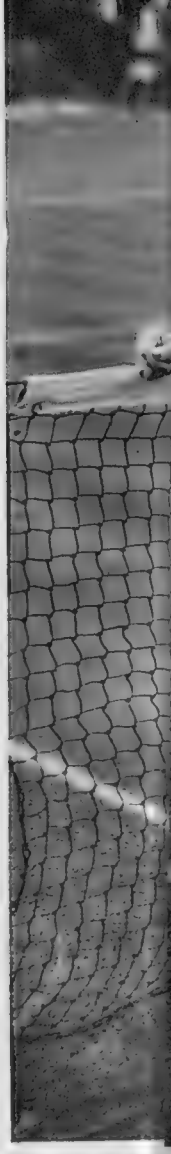
¶ As a drink to quench a thirst, or aperitif to provoke an appetite, BOOTH's is beyond debate. Long or short, whichever you choose, the only adequate expression of praise is to follow the first drink with another.

★ *To those of the Nobility and Gentry who desire further to investigate this Engrossing Subject, Messrs. Booth's Distilleries issue a cordial invitation to see the* COUNTLESS SHERRY CASKS *in which their gin lies maturing and afterwards to savour its excellence at their distilleries in Turnmill Street in the Borough of Clerkenwell by appointment.*

Donald Budge

The tall American, master of back-hand, and a likely semi-finalist versus Perry, beat C. E. Hare, I. G. Collins and J. Lesueur in the first three rounds of the Singles. He plays with G. Mako and Mrs. Fabyan in the Doubles and Mixed Doubles

Señorita Anita Lizana



Left: Señorita Lizana had an easy victory in her first match of the Women's Singles against Mlle. Baumgarten. In the Doubles she and Fräulein Horn met Mlle. Jedrzejowska and Miss Susan Noel and lost 6—3, 8—6

Wimbledon—the First Week

There Must Be Some Champions Here

Left: Baron Gottfried von Cramm was inspecting one of "Bunny" Austin's peculiar racquets. His brilliant, relentless tennis took him without much trouble into the last sixteen when he met the Spanish player, E. G. Maier, last Friday

Right: A. K. Quist and Miss Billie Yorke have "Doubles" names. Billie Yorke was beaten by Mme. Meulemeester in the Singles second round after beating Mrs. van Ryn. Quist holds the Doubles Championship with Crawford, and both are in terrific form so far this year

Miss Kay Stammers and Miss Helen Jacobs

There might be a champion in this picture: Helen Jacobs was a finalist last year and within a hair's-breadth of winning, and Kay Stammers beat her in the Wightman Cup this year

Brian Grant

"Bitsy" Grant frightened his friends by losing sets to Henkel and Deloford before beating them, but beat E. R. Avory, 6—4, 6—2, 6—4 to reach the last sixteen

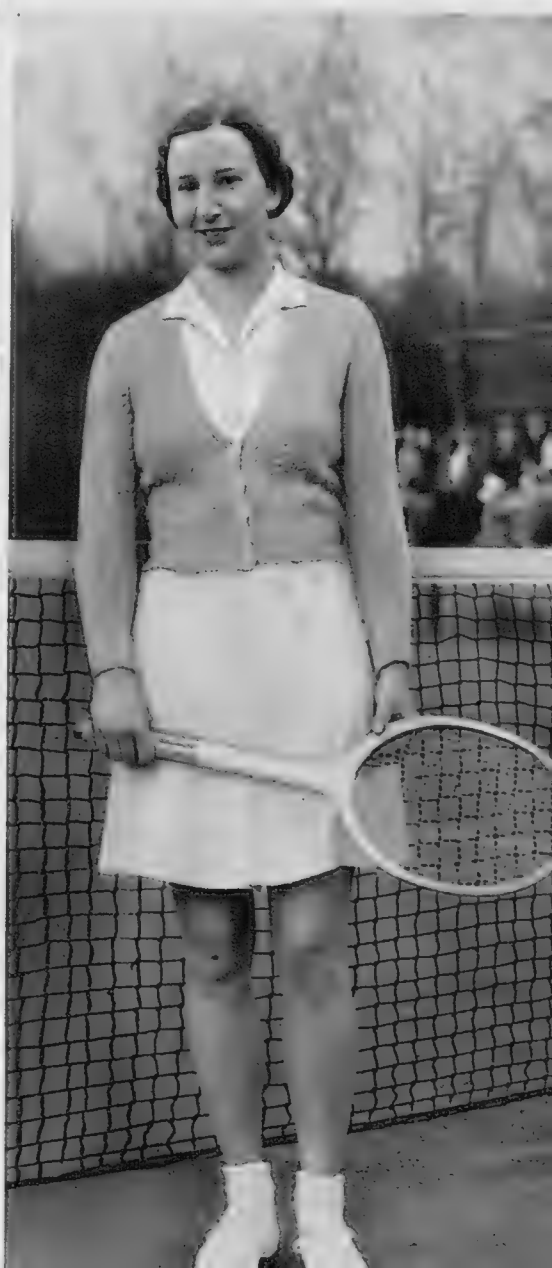
Pierre Pelizza and Yvon Petra

Here are two French newcomers who reached the third round of the Singles and then lost to two English players, C. M. Jones and D. W. Butler. Petra is enormously tall —six foot seven—and is only nineteen

Below: *Miss Dorothy Round*

Dr. Prenn lost to Crawford in his first Singles match; he is with Comtesse Gaillard de la Valdène, who is playing her own attractive "Alvarez" tennis again

Right: Miss Dorothy Round disposed of Miss Betty Nuthall and Fräulein Kraus to reach the Women's Singles last sixteen. She is No. 1 among the "seeded" women, and holder with Perry of the Mixed Doubles Championship



Fly Casting

The sixth annual bait- and fly-casting tournament was held at Iver, Bucks., under the auspices of the British Casting Association. Fly casting was decided on Farlow's lake, bait casting on turf. In the picture Lord Glanusk, President, is with Miss P. Stourbridge

Winners of the Grand?

T. Negishi, stroke, and T. Shimojuna, cox of the Tokyo Imperial University eight. They are strongly fancied out of nine entries for the Grand at Henley, having already dumbfounded the orthodox by winning Marlow's Grand, striking 52 in their final spurt against Thames R.C. Note the swivel rowlocks and tubular oars

Essex Beat Glamorgan

By nine wickets in the match which finished last week. C. T. Ashton, hitting out in the picture, made the highest score of 60 in Essex's first innings. He was finally caught off Davies, who took six wickets for 50

A New Mile Record

S. C. Wooderson (No. 19) ran the fastest mile in this country at the Southern Championship Meeting at Chelmsford. J. E. Lovelock, whose previous record of 4 minutes 12 seconds Wooderson beat by 1.4 seconds, is congratulating the new holder

Summer Sport

Edited by Howard Marshall

So the summer festival goes on—Wimbledon working towards its climax; the first Test match over; and now, this very day, Henley Royal Regatta—may the weather keep fine for it.

Et ego in Arcadia—excuse my Latin—but I also have been to Henley—and did I regret that lobster salad? Perhaps it was the sun, though, or the fireworks, or simply the sight of other men working so desperately hard.

Summer Rugby

B. C. Gadney, captain of the Rugby Union's Touring XV., with Prince Alexander Obolensky. The team left in the Andalucia Star for the Argentine, where a dozen fixtures have been arranged

This year, it so happens, we have indeed something unusual to watch—the Japanese gentlemen from the Imperial University of Tokyo. Shorter gentlemen than usual, rowing in a shorter boat, with shorter oars. Average weight of Japanese crew, 10 st. 5½ lb.—very unorthodox; actual rate of striking when winning the Grand at Marlow, 52—entirely revolutionary. My expert colleagues were first sceptical, then slightly pained and shocked, then speechless, and, finally, and gallantly, full of admiration.

Colleague G. C. Drinkwater has at last seen an eight-oared crew rowing as one man—this for the first time in exceptional experience. Now the question is whether Tokyo will win the Grand at Henley; if they do, rowing men in this country will have to think again.

It is an occasion, I assure you, when so stylised a sport as rowing produces something altogether new. These Japanese and their methods are new. At Marlow they toyed with the Thames crew, spurting at will with the vivid acceleration of an American car. There are those who believe that the extra length of the Henley course will defeat them. I doubt it. At Marlow they were not even mildly distressed. Their faces were impassive. No collapsing over oars. No sign of effort. Just another day's work. Watch them, at any rate, and if they win the Grand, wait for the floods of rowing theory, the arguments on boat design, the rumours that scholarships for Japanese rowing men have been endowed at Oxford.

This sudden rivalry from Japan is healthy, but I make no prophecies. After the Schmeling-Louis fight, prophesy is out. Schmeling fooled us all, bless his heart. I take no account of the suggestion that Schmeling fouled Louis. He exposed Louis' inexperience, that is all. He also proved what I have always suspected—that he does not invariably take his fights seriously. This time he did, and there were riots in Harlem, which suggests, incidentally, that the day has not yet come when it is wise to allow negroes to fight white men.

In this matter of prophecy, though, what are we to say about Wimbledon? As I write, there have been no real surprises, save for the defeat of Mrs. Fabyan. "Bitsy" Grant has done his stuff—what a long way he seems likely to run before Wimbledon is

(Concluded on page vi)

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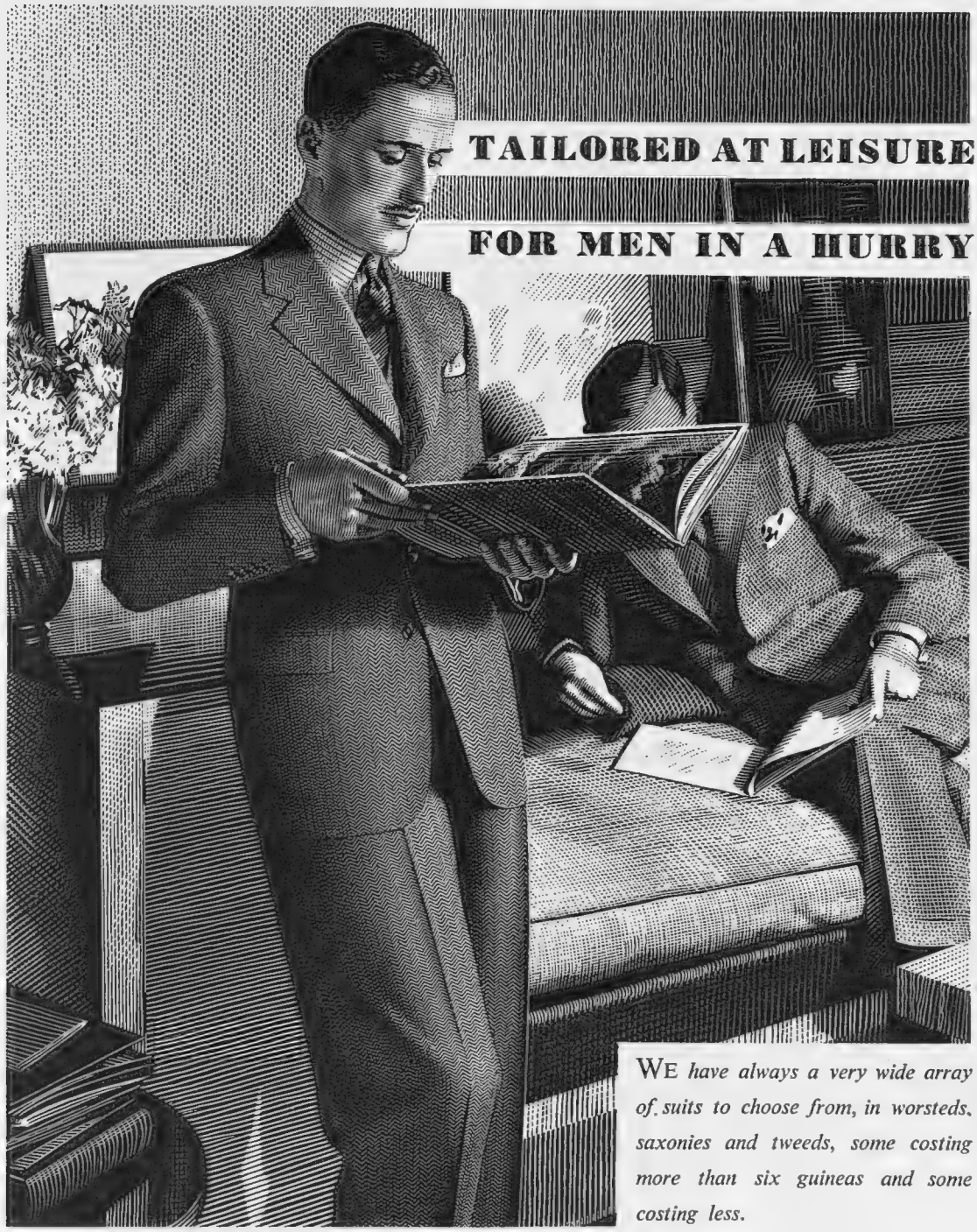

WE *have always a very wide array of suits to choose from, in worsteds, saxonies and tweeds, some costing more than six guineas and some costing less.*

A business trip abroad, a new appointment, an invitation for the week-end. It is *then*, with important issues at stake and little time to spare, that the modern way of choosing clothes comes to your aid. When next you want some clothes in a hurry step into Austin Reed's, where clothes have been tailored in advance for men who must have good clothes—at once.

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Women's Golf

The Scottish Championship

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

A NINETEENTH-HOLE finish for both the Scottish Foursomes and Championship is a record which may stand for some time, and so will the excitement and enthusiasm over these finishes. Just as the crowd was immensely worked up over the Scots pulling the Foursomes out of the fire against the English pair, so it was quite carried away at Miss Doris Park's Championship win, which had seemed so sure, then trembling in the balance, apparently forfeited, then snatched again. The heartiness of the cheers were quite exceptional, and everybody was very busy metaphorically taking off their hat to Miss Park at the way she has conquered both putting and temperament. Even the most cynical could not say the hats only came off to get a little cool air, though the day was hot enough for anything.

All this is anticipating, and a lot happened between my last epistle and the holing of that five-yarder for the Championship on the nineteenth.

THE big match which was supposed to be going to decide everything was Miss Jessie Anderson v. Mrs. Holm. It certainly seemed as if it must be decisive, for better golf than "Wee Jessie" played for her 6 and 5 win I have very seldom seen. When the Open comes there next Spring folk will be able to appreciate what it means to take thirteen holes there in level fours—or one under, if you allow her what is commonly called "a Press 3" at the seventh, where she was not asked to hole it. There was not a hole to be picked in any department of her game, and the impression was that she might go on playing it till the cows came home. Almost equally amazing was how completely below her best Mrs. Holm played. Admittedly two people could hardly have been expected to produce such golf at the same moment, but it was extremely disappointing to be robbed of a real dog-fight and see this brilliant golfer ploughing out of every kind of trouble until she was 7 down at the turn. Infinite credit to her that she then pulled herself together, won the tenth in 4, and halved the remaining holes in 4, 4, 3; credit also to Miss Anderson that she holed some nasty putts for halves when she found herself tackled at last.

And then, more amazing than either, was Miss Anderson's sea of trouble, almost comparable to Mrs. Holm's, when she played Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery in the afternoon. It is not easy to play somebody who has watched with solicitude whilst you, so to speak, cut your golfing teeth; the younger golfer cannot help being acutely conscious of all the things which her mentor of past years has impressed upon her as virtues to cultivate or pitfalls to avoid; concentration goes and personality obtrudes. That seemed the explanation, and Miss Montgomery is too good a golfer not to have seized so golden, and possibly never-to-be-repeated, a chance with both hands.

OTHER events of the day, if less surprising were equally thrilling—Miss Doris Park's 1 at the fourth against Miss Betty Henderson; Miss Jean McLintock's rally against Miss Robertson-Durham so that the holder only got home on the twentieth; Miss Montgomery's own win from Miss Couper, and Miss Park's from Miss Robertson-Durham, 3 and 1, beginning and ending with a three. It was a great performance, if you come to think of it, for the Scottish Championship holder to win the Foursomes and then go straight on to the semi-final of the event she held, only losing to the ultimate winner. That golden thistle which the winner wears till the final putt of the final is holed and then pins dramatically over the new champion's palpitating heart is so often forfeited much earlier in the proceedings.

AS to the final, it was a question, every-one felt, whether Miss Park's new grip, so much lower down the putter, and still more the firm grip of her nerves, which had been seen to be so really splendid earlier in the week, would stand up to the last strain of all. They did, when there would have been every excuse if they had not, and so her win seems to foreshadow a new era in her golf and hope for every sufferer from the two golfing maladies which are the most deadly and most prevalent. It bespeaks real courage on Miss Park's part.

The Scottish Champion

Miss Doris Park won the Scottish Ladies' Championship after reaching the final unsuccessfully three years running. She beat Miss Montgomery at the nineteenth hole at Turnberry

She set about the business from the start with a power of attack and determination that was fresh. A longish putt at the second to win, another at the fifth to halve, having in the meantime won the third and lost the fourth, and two up at the turn. She had seemed so set and sure thus far that it was quite a shock to see her miss a short putt at the tenth, though it was only what anyone else might miss without shame, and the extremely good ones she holed thereafter for halves, and to win the fifteenth after a masterly chip, showed that she was still top-dog, though Miss Montgomery was fighting grandly, particularly in the matter of recoveries and good putting. (She is one of the best holers-out in all Scotland.)

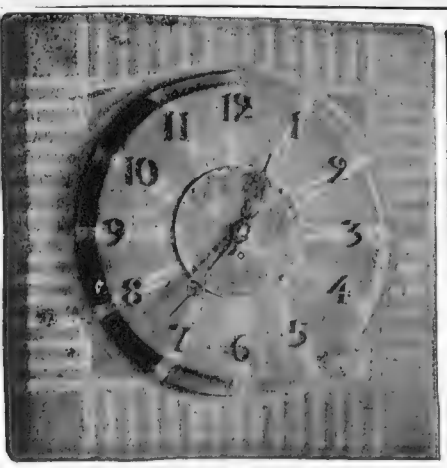
A courageous hitter, too, of wooden shots up to the hole, and it was after she had put a specially valuable one on to the sixteenth that Miss Park gave us another shock by missing a yard putt. It was, again, from the exact spot from which a lot of people had missed theirs all the week, but a nasty feeling ran through the crowd that, after all, Miss Park was going to be beaten on the post, as she had been in the past. Miss Montgomery confirmed that feeling by winning the seventeenth in 4 and getting right home in two at the eighteenth, while Miss Park was half-a-dozen yards past the pin in three. How Miss Montgomery ran hers up first dead, and Miss Park hers down for the half in 4, and how she holed one almost as long at the nineteenth to win is a page of history now, not the least glorious by a long way in the splendid annals of a splendid golfing family.

I would not have missed seeing that final for the world, even though it meant absence from Westward Ho!, where Mrs. Graham Emery retained the South-Western Championship, with Miss V. Bramwell runner-up, and from Beaconsfield, where Surrey got home from Essex and Herts. and so qualified to meet Lancashire and the rest in County finals.

Miss Carrie Tiernan's win of the Irish Championship, with Miss Moore runner-up, is another big item which, perforce, goes recorded on hearsay only. But everyone will be glad that this most promising Irish young golfer is back in form—and a bit more. Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

Mrs. J. P. Walker, Miss Doris Chambers, Miss Jessie Anderson, Miss M. J. Couper and Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery. Mrs. Walker won the National Playing Fields scratch prize with 74; Miss Montgomery was a runner-up in the Scottish Championship, and Miss Anderson was a semi-finalist



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THE CANFORD BRICLOCK

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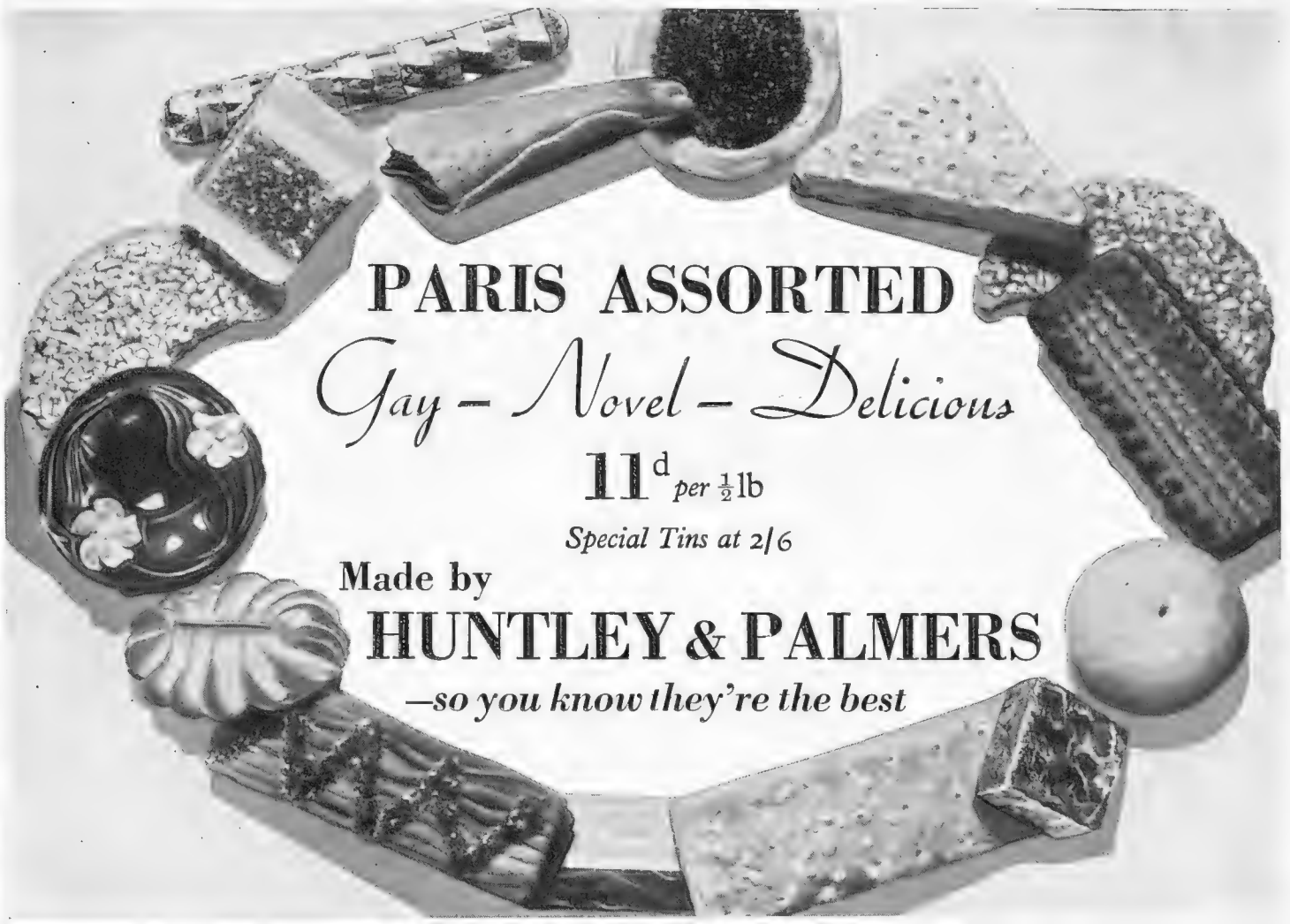

To Golf and the Casino by Air

By Charles Ward

Le Touquet's Own Airport

THREE minutes by car from the Casino and five minutes from the Golf Links—that is the situation of Le Touquet's new airport, which is to be formally declared open by the French Air Minister on Saturday next, July 4th. The landing area provides a run of nearly half a mile in every direction, big enough for air-liners, and for the comparative novice who feels most happy when he sees plenty of space. It 's easy to locate also, being two miles up the wide estuary of the River Canche. The club building includes a restaurant, the bar in the right place overlooking the aerodrome, pilots' rooms, Customs, and administrative offices. The Municipality has most generously invited 125 British owner-pilots, each with one passenger, as the guests of the town for next week-end. Accommodation at any of the leading hotels, with all meals, is included, and additional pilots and passengers are welcomed at an inclusive sum of 250 francs. Nothing could be fairer than that, and in case you are unaccustomed to a week-end at Le Touquet, it is a four-day affair—from Friday till Monday—which makes the rest of the week look rather silly ; so why not stay on out of the proceeds of your winnings at the Casino ?

Lenare

With Flying Honours

Miss Jean Batten, whose flights to Australia and across the Atlantic take a high place in the history of British aviation, has been awarded a C.B.E. in the recent Honours List

The Industry on Parade

AT Hatfield on Monday last, the S.B.A.C. displayed its wares to some three thousand guests, representatives of civil and military aviation from more than fifty foreign countries. Aircraft and equipment to the value of half a million sterling were on view. British exports in this new industry are greater than those of any other country, which is accounted for by the general excellence of our designs and the great care taken in manufacture. The flying display at Hatfield is always of greater interest to the expert than the Service show at Hendon, because each machine is demonstrated by its test pilot, and everyone is keyed-up to prove that his own aircraft is superior to all the others. Whereas at Hendon some of the experimental types are restricted by the nature of the programme, they get the sky to themselves at the trade show The latest " 300-mile-an-hour-plus " fighters are still able to land at a safe speed for a normal aerodrome, and it was this fact which drew most comment from the visitors. Civil types included the latest touring 'planes, a speciality in which we excel.

'Planes and Cargoes

FIVE million miles is the record established by the eight Handley Page liners that have been flying for Imperial Airways since 1931. They set a new standard in travel facilities which is still unequalled,

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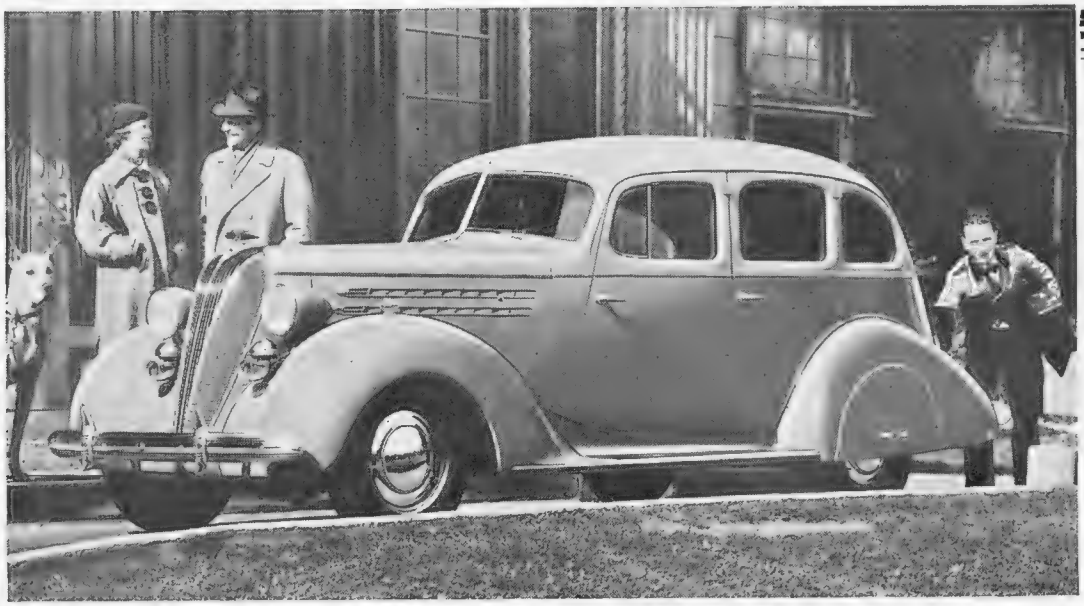

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See how ingenious this razor is. See how easily it works. See how it shortens your shaving time. Twist the handle—the head opens—ready for you to clean or change the blade. Twist again and the razor is ready for action with the blade firmly secured and accurately set. Could shaving be easier or quicker?

Ask your dealer to show you the Gillette "one-piece" Aristocrat to-day.

Perfectly balanced, heavily silver-plated, equipped with a man-sized handle and packed in a handsome nickel plated case with engine-turned lid, together with ten Blue Gillette Blades.

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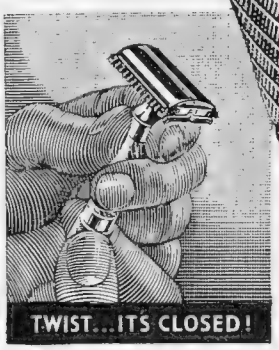

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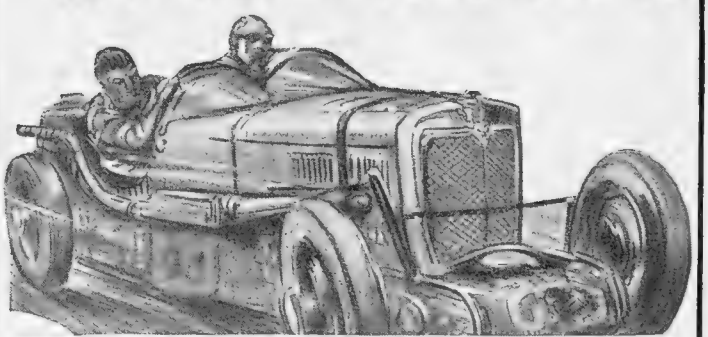

DONINGTON PARK

JULY 4TH

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Mrs. Amy Mollison discussing the King's Cup course with Captain R. S. Munday and Mr. "Bill" Courtenay on the right. She is flying a B.A.M. "Eagle" in the race, which is due to take place on July 10th and 11th from Hatfield

To Golf and the Casino by Air

(*Continued from page* ii)

though there are many faster liners on the world's air routes. Their principal virtues, from the passenger's point of view, are quietness—conversation can be carried on in ordinary tones—space, which instils confidence—the cabins are like a railway Pullman—and steadiness in rough weather. Pilots like them, for they take-off after an amazingly short run, and can be landed with safety in a small field. Faster liners will take their place on the main routes next year, but there is plenty of life yet in the old "42's," and on such flights as London-Le Touquet, taking an hour, time enough for a meal, they should be ideal. Strange cargoes are still a matter of comment at the airports. People have got used to gold; millions and millions of the stuff travels by air in prosaic little boxes. Tropical fish for the "Zoo," fishing tackle to Africa for some sportsman who had lost his outfit in a swamp and refused to come home till he'd caught something, trousers to South America for a diplomatic function, day-old chicks, spare parts for everything imaginable; these are some of the articles that go by air.

At the Clubs and Schools

SHOREHAM was opened in great style, and its excellently appointed club-house will be a popular rendezvous during brighter week-ends. Lord Amherst is the manager for Olley Air Service, which in turn is looking after the place for the three municipalities that have spent £60,000 on its construction. The fine aerodrome at Doncaster has been in use for some time, but to-day is an important date in its history—Royal Dutch Air Lines and British Continental jointly are starting a service to foreign parts. This is really a variation of the Dutch service that was working last summer, using Hull and Liverpool. During May, the international school at Hamble, A.S.T., flew a total of 1484½ hours, but the students managed to combine plenty of sport with the work of learning to fly, to navigate, and all the other subjects that are taught at the Air University. Hamble's cricket team is a pretty useful side, and, of course, sailing comes quite naturally to those who live on the Solent. For those who may have missed the official notice, Hanworth is now a public place, the Club having been granted a hotel licence. No further entrance fees or subscriptions are required. The gardens and the lawns are looking specially lovely just now, and there is plenty of flying activity by the School, Autogiro's, Monospars and Eagles. Lord Sempill took the King and Queen of Siam in a Monospar to see the Tattoo from the air, and got caught in one of the worst thunderstorms of the season. Apparently, his royal passengers enjoyed the lightning more than the show; in fact, the lightning was the show.

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What's On

(Continued from page D)

SPORT

TO-DAY, 1ST.—Tennis Championships, Wimbledon (until 4th); Amateur Swimmers Championships, Empire Pool, Wembley (until 4th); Henley Royal Regatta Opens.

THURS., 2ND.—Oxford v. Cambridge polo, Hurlingham.

SAT., 4TH.—Polo final, Ranelagh Open Cup, Ranelagh; Alexandra Park flat racing; Junior A.A.A. Championships, White City; Nuffield Trophy motor race, Donington; Finals at Wimbledon; Finals at Henley

MON., 6TH.—Oxford v. Cambridge, Lord's (three days); Indian Princes' Polo Shield, Hurlingham; N.R.A. meeting opens at Bisley; Nottingham races (two days); Lucifer Golfing Society Empire Meeting, Walton Heath.

TUES., 7TH.—R.A.F. athletics championships, Uxbridge.

DANCING

In the Ballrooms

ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL BALL.—Dorchester, Thurs., 2nd.

ZOO BALL.—In aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital: Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, Tues., 7th.

In the Restaurants

CARLTON.—There 's a three-turn cabaret every evening; dancing to John Stevens's Keyboarders: extension, Tuesday.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Jean Sablon is singing here for a week; Lew Stone's band plays: extension, Wednesday.

DORCHESTER.—The Hollywood Starlets are as gay as ever, and the turns are excellent; Jack Jackson's band: extension, Thursday.

GARDENIA RESTAURANT.—Outdoor and indoor dancing and dining in Park Lane; there 's a Gaucho band.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The new dancers here are worth seeing; Syd Lipton's band; extension, Thursday.

LONDON CASINO.—The Folie Parisienne cabaret is mammoth, and plays during dinner and supper; Jack Harris makes music (two bands).

MAY FAIR.—The Jardin Fleuri cabaret changes fortnightly, and the turns take turns with dancing; Harry Roy's band: extension, Friday.

NEW CLARGES.—Here you eat and talk—there 's no music or dancing; the food and wines are excellent.

ODDENINO'S.—Dancing and cabaret in the restaurant; beer and bohemianism in the famous brasserie.

PRUNIER'S.—Fish foods are the specialities, but you can eat what you please; the wine list is also excellent; no music.

QUAGLINO'S.—Cabaret at midnight. Van Straten's band plays and there 's the copper floor: extension, Wednesday.

RITZ.—Café chantant is a way of saying that good cabaret alternates with dancing; Joe Kaye's band plays: extension, Wednesday.

SAN MARCO.—Dwight Fiske tells Fiskian sagas at midnight; Maurice Winnick's band; extension, Wednesday.

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Summer Sport *(Continued from page 40)*

over! And all the big shots forge steadily ahead—a rash thing to say, for by the time you read this I have no doubt that some of them will have faltered, and even failed. I should like to bet, none the less, that Perry and Budge are still in the lists.

So we come to cricket, and the topic of the moment, to my mind, is not the Varsity match, which begins next Monday, but Larwood's bowling. Larwood is in great form. With his shortened run and his decreased speed he still remains one of the fastest bowlers in the country, and to his pace is added wonderful control. He should quite obviously be playing for England; he should clearly go to Australia with the M.C.C. team. But, as all the world knows, he is in disfavour at headquarters. I do not propose to discuss the ethics of the affair, but I will say this: peace-making is to the fore in the cricket world no less than in the world at large. M.C.C. have agreed to eight-ball overs in Australia, and Australia have agreed to our experimental l.b.w. law. Is it not reasonable to suggest that the general amnesty might include Larwood?—a decision which would give pleasure to all lovers of cricket, Australians included. Let us have Larwood in the next Test match, please.

It is late in the day to discuss dissensions in the All-India team. A pity about Amar Nath, but I do suggest that we should leave those in charge to settle their own troubles. I know enough of them to be convinced that they will act wisely, and I believe our Indian visitors will go from strength to strength.

Now for the Varsity match, and, unhappily, the Oxford team have been slaughtered by M.C.C. at Lord's. On the face of it, the advantage seems to be with Cambridge, but I would not be too sure. The Cambridge bowling appears to be better and more varied, and Jehangir Khan will certainly produce his real attacking form when it is needed.

Cambridge have some useful batsmen, moreover, and when H. T. Bartlett, their captain, is making runs, the whole side is proportionately encouraged. And Bartlett is making runs now with the real left-hander's freedom. Oxford, for all that, are by no means discouraged. They lack a first-rate quick bowler, but some of their spinners may be troublesome. And in Mitchell-Innes, running into form, and R. C. M. Kimpton they have the two best batsmen in the match. Kimpton has been compared to Bradman in his youth, and this is not so extravagant as it may seem. His amazingly quick footwork, his courage and judgment, are altogether out of the ordinary, and he is a very awkward proposition for the Cambridge attack. It promises, in fact, to be a rattling good match, and I am prepared, with proper partisanship, to have my modest bob on Oxford.

I end, since it is hot, and the thought of other people running correspondingly pleasant, with a word or two about athletics. S. C. Wooderson, now, there is a runner for you. I am told that his performance at Chelmsford recently, when he set up a new British record for the mile, was magnificent in style, determination, and consistency. The Chelmsford track had its ups and downs—the conditions, in fact, might have been faster—and no one seriously doubts that Wooderson will win his race at the Olympic Games. Albert Hill is training Wooderson, and we may be sure that he will be at his best.

At this same meeting, G. L. Rampling, running majestically, showed himself back in his 1931 form, and that suggests that the quarter-mile is ours for the asking. Watch Rampling in action, and you will swear that no runner in the world could beat him. Then ask them at Cambridge what they think of A. G. K. Brown, or at Munich how W. Roberts impressed them last summer, and our strength at this distance seems overwhelming.

There are other events, however, as the Americans have apparently discovered. The other day, Jesse Owens, negro sprinter, created a new world's record for the 100 metres—10.2 seconds—and equalled the world's record for the hundred yards in 9.4 seconds. Ted Carpenter, in the meanwhile, was hurling the discus 173 feet; and two more world's records went when A. Williams showed 46.1 seconds for the four hundred metres, and F. Towns 14.1 seconds for the 110 metres hurdles. It seems there will be a certain amount of competition in Berlin.

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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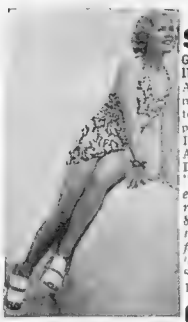

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Getting Married

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Kay Vaughan

Agnes Weld-Blundell

Is the only daughter of the late Richard Weld-Blundell and Mrs. Alfred Noyes, of Lisle Combe, St. Lawrence, I.o.W., and is engaged to Paul Francis Grey, eldest son of the late Col. Grey and Mrs. Grey, of 28, Tregunter Road, S.W.10

Kay Vaughan

Diana Margaret Dixon

Is the only daughter of the late Rowland Dixon and Mrs. Dixon, of Cheam, Surrey; she is engaged to John G. H. Jamieson, only son of Dr. and Mrs. Jamieson, of Sutton, Surrey

Lenare

Angela Bailey

Is engaged to John Lockwood, only son of the late Colonel and Mrs. Lockwood, of Kingham, Oxfordshire; she is the elder daughter of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. V. T. Bailey, of Tantallon Lodge, North Berwick

Elwin Neame

Doria Coventry

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Coventry, of 16, Hornton Street, W.8; she is engaged to Adrian Charles Enthoven, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Enthoven, of 44, Carlton Hill, N.W.8

Lenare

Nancy Margaret Greig

Is engaged to the Hon. Joseph Maclay, eldest son of Lord Maclay and the late Lady Maclay, of Duchal, Kilmalcolm, Renfrewshire; she is the daughter of Mrs. R. C. Greig, of Hall of Caldwell, Uplawmuir, Renfrewshire

Hay Wrightson

Ursula Serocold

Is engaged to Michael Pringle, only son of Major Pringle and Mrs. Christine Pringle, of 47, Sydney Street, S.W.3; she is the daughter of the late Mrs. Claude Serocold, and lives at 5, Devonport Street, W.

Wilson — Orr

At St. Baldred's, North Berwick, John Wilson, only son of Sir James Wilson, Bt., and Lady Wilson, of Invertrossachs, Callander, Perthshire, married Zoë Jane Orr, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Orr, of Kilduff House, Drem, East Lothian

Duncan — Currie

Percival Duncan, second son of the Rev. and Mrs. O. C. Duncan, of Gittisham Rectory, Devon, married Jane Currie, daughter of the late John Currie and Mrs. Currie, of Springfield House, Honiton, at Offwell Church, Devon

Chichester — Balfour

Amyas Chichester, youngest son of the late Major and Mrs. C. H. Chichester, of Hall, Barnstaple, Devon, married Betty Balfour at Brompton Oratory. She is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. J. Balfour, of Sidmouth Manor, Devon

Carroll — Harrison

Donough Carroll, son of the late General J. Carroll and Mrs. Carroll, of Moone Abbey, Co. Kildare, married Elizabeth Rosamund Harrison, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Harrison, of 68, Eccleston Square, S.W.1, at Westminster Cathedral

Norem — Lowe

At Toft Church, Robert Stanley Norem, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Norem, of Knutsford, Cheshire, married Dora Betty Lowe, younger daughter of the late C. Lowe and Mrs. Lowe, of Thorneyholme, Knutsford

Tennant — Faskally

The marriage took place at Brompton Oratory between David Tennant, son of the late W. G. and the Hon. Mrs. Tennant, and grandnephew of Lady Oxford, and Sonia Faskally, daughter of Mr. Peter Faskally and Madame Wunenburger

Hale — Henriques

John R. C. Hale, eldest son of Colonel and Mrs. Churchill Hale, of Laines, Plumpton, Sussex, married Dulcie Henriques at Holy Trinity, Brompton. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Henriques, of 107, Onslow Square, S.W.7

Jordan — Tod

Lieut. R. L. Jordan, R.N., eldest son of Mr. A. T. Jordan, of Downside House, Chilcompton, Bath, married Evelyn Hope Tod, elder daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Tod, of Four Marks, Alton, Hampshire, at Ropley Church

Seward — Roche

Henry MacKay Seward, son of Mr. Bertie and the late Mrs. Seward, of Bordeaux, married Blanche Roche at Westminster Cathedral. She is the youngest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Redmond Roche, of 1, Eccleston Square, S.W.1

Callow — Watson

At St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield, Michael John Callow, only son of Mr. John and the late Mrs. Callow, of Redhill, Surrey, married the Hon. Sophie Watson, only daughter of Lord and Lady Thankerton, of 14, Phillimore Gardens, W.8

Gascoyne — Portway

The marriage took place at Combs Church between Frederick Gascoyne, second son of Mr. E. B. and the late Mrs. Gascoyne, of Bapchild Court, Sittingbourne, Kent, and Constance Portway, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Portway, of Combs, Stowmarket, Suffolk

Dunning — Cuthbert

At St. John's, Perth, William Leonard Dunning married Kathleen Cuthbert, only daughter of Mr. Patrick and the late Mrs. Cuthbert, of Barclayhills, by Perth. He is the only son of Sir Leonard Dunning, Bt., and Lady Dunning, of Beedinglee, Horsham, Surrey

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

July 1 — July 7

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

After October.—Lively entertainment from polished acting of a polished plot (by Rodney Ackland). An impecunious family and its Micawber-like hopes have Mary Clare and Peter Godfrey to interpret: Aldwych, 8.30. Thurs., 2.30.

Ah, Wilderness!—Lord Longford's Irish company acts this lighter-moment play of Eugene O'Neill's; Paul Farrell and Ann Penhallow are excellent as parents of a very ordinary family: Ambassadors', 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

Anthony and Anna.—St. John Ervine's play (produced by Irene Hentschel) continues to offer some of the best light comedy in town—Harold Warrender and Jessica Tandy well supported by Morris Harvey and Fabia Drake: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Green Waters.—A dramatic and rugged piece of work about a father-son feud (by Max Catto), with Gillian Lind and Sebastian Shaw in the lead: Vaudeville, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

Henry VIII.—A strong cast emphasises Shakespeare's play about Wolsey: Lyn Harding is the King, Baliol Holloway the Cardinal, Vivien Leigh Anne Boleyn; Phyllis Neilson-Terry stands out as a fine Katherine: Open Air Theatre, 8.30. Tues., Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Heroes Don't Care.—Where the play is laid, so long as there 's fun. This is in Norway, the hero is Felix Aylmer, his wife is Carol Goodner, and the fun comes from Rex Harrison: St. Martin's, 8.40. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

The Insect Play.—The Capek brothers' insect characters cast succint and satirical reflections on their betters (?), the humans; Edmund Willard is the tramp: Little, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Lady Precious Stream.—Imperturbable as its traditional national origin, this Chinese play goes on and on, with Esmé Percy, Patricia Burke, and Clifford Bartlett acting à la chinois: Savoy, 8.15. Mon., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Miss Smith.—Simple, lively story-telling about a governess-girl who takes a family in charge; Olga Lindo interprets her sympathetically; also Phyllis Konstam and Julien Mitchell: Duke of York's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

Pride and Prejudice.—Jane Austen and her England successfully transposed to the stage in a charming entertainment with period settings by Whistler. Celia Johnson as Elizabeth Bennett, Dorothy Hyson as Jane, Leueen Macgrath as Lydia: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

The Seagull.—A feast of dramatic riches which must not be missed; Chekhov is the author, Komisarjevsky the producer, Peggy Ashcroft, Edith Evans, Stephen Haggard, and John Gielgud the stars: New, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

Whiteoaks.—This fine play by Mazo de la Roche is about a family dominated by its grandmatriarch (Nancy Price); full of humanity: Playhouse, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Winter Sunshine.—Athene Seyler and Nicholas Hannen, on board a boat bound for the Antipodes, unravel a light plot relying solely on characterisation, which is good; easy and pleasant to watch: Royalty, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

Follow the Sun.—Cochran's 1936 revue is "first and last a spectacle"; décor by Ernst Stern, music by Arthur Schwartz, a ballet by Osbert Sitwell, Rumbaland Muchachos and Young Ladies are all parts of it: Adelphi, 6.30 and 9.

Revudeville No. 78.—The "Old Ladies" come back with Tom Walden as Stanley West's partner; Ken Douglas is principal comedian, and the ballet is a milkmaid one; good fun for all: Windmill, 1.20 to 11.30, non-stop.

Spread It Abroad.—William Walker's is the wittiest revue in town; do not miss Ivy St. Helier, Nelson Keys, and the ever-youthful Dorothy Dickson in it: Saville, 8.30 only.

Mirth and Mystery

Aren't Men Beasts!—Straightforward comedy with honest-to-goodness laughs reliant on situation rather than wit; Robertson Hare is a dentist; Alfred Drayton and John Mills back him in fun-making: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

Boy Meets Girl.—Hollywood gets it in the neck again in this star-city skit; Bramwell Fletcher is the boy, Helen Chandler the girl; wisecracks by Donald Macdonald and Clinton Sundberg: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Call It a Day.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play deals with family life as lived in St. John's Wood; Fay Compton, Owen Nares, and his son, Geoffrey, are in the cast: Globe, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

Dusty Ermine.—Leonora Corbett finds heredity too strong in her relations—Dartmoor will out. David Horne and William Fox help this queer family drama on its way: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Wed., Fri., 2.30.

The Frog.—Robust thrills by Edgar Wallace and Ian Hay, in which Gordon Harker is a detective up against a terror that blows up various scenes; Jack Hawkins and a big cast emphasise the suspenses and reliefs: Prince's, 8.10. Wed., Sat., 2 30.

Fugitives.—A typical Hackett play; rapid, improbable and convincing, it sweeps Marion Lorne, Godfrey Tearle and Phyllis Dare through personal adventure and national revolution: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

The King's Leisure.—Effective entertainment from a heavy-handed plot; Paul Cavanagh is a Ruritanian king incognito at a house-party which includes Nora Swinburne: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Love From a Stranger.—Frank Vosper (who adapted the piece from Agatha Christie's novel) is a professional Bluebeard who gets Marie Ney into his clutches; good acting, plenty of thrills, and laughter by Muriel Aked: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Ruth Draper.—Haymarket, 8.45. Thurs., Sat., 2.45. (Ends on Sat., 4th.)

Storm in a Teacup.—Meatiest light comedy in town, by James Bridie and Bruno Franck; Roger Livesey and Sara Allgood are best of an amusing cast: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

Three Men on a Horse.—A great laugh from the U.S. in the shape of an old plot cleverly re-done; Romney Brent and Bernard Nedell lead the all-American cast: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Night

The Lady of La Paz.—Edith Ellis, Lilian Braithwaite, and Nova Pilbeam are in Auriol Lee's production of the story of a four-times-married woman: Criterion, Thurs., 2nd.

CINEMAS

Broken Blossoms.—Thomas Burke's story has made a moving film; the laurels go to Dolly Haas, but Emlyn Williams and Arthur Margetson back her splendidly; photography very good: London Pavilion.

Ceiling's Zero.—You might or might not guess that this is a big flying film, with air thrills mixed with tragedy, James Cagney a dare-devil pilot, Pat O'Brien and June Travis: Plaza (from Friday).

The Ex-Mrs. Bradford.—A slick detective piece in *The Thin Man* style, dealing with crime on the racecourse; William Powell and Jean Arthur are the stars: Carlton.

Fury.—Spencer Tracy and Sylvia Sidney are the leads of this well-titled film about mob-rule in America: Empire.

Janosik.—Is described as a romantic thriller; about the eighteenth-century Czecho-Slovakian Robin Hood. Palo Bielik acts him, and the "Maid Margaret" is Zlata Hajdukova: Academy.

Modern Times.—Charlie Chaplin's antics as he gets caught in the cogs of a machine age, with Paulette Goddard to give the oil of sentiment, continue to draw crowds to the Marble Arch Pavilion.

The Phantom Gondola.—Nothing out of the way to worry you in this French thriller which runs from Venice viâ Rome to Constantinople, with Marcelle Chantal and Henri Rollan on board: Curzon.

The Prisoner of Shark Island.—One more piece about grim hardship and brutality in a convict settlement; Warner Baxter acts Dr. Mudd, the wrongfully convicted felon; also Gloria Stuart: Regal.

Show Boat.—Edna Ferber's glamorous musical makes a big film, with Irene Dunne and Allan Jones as the stars, and Paul Robeson singing his fine old songs: Leicester Square.

The Story of Louis Pasteur.—Paul Muni does full justice to the fine part written for him in this new-departure film where character and acting come before plot and dialogue: New Gallery.

Where There 's a Will.—Will Hay's second screen appearance makes him a solicitor in the hands of a riotous gang of crooks—Gina Malo one of them, Hartley Power another: Tivoli.

OPERA

Glyndebourne:

Die Entführung.—To-night, 1st, 6.45.

Die Entführung.—Thurs., 2nd, 6.45.

Giovanni.—Fri., 3rd, 6.45.

Die Entführung.—Sat., 4th, 6.15.

Così fan Tutte.—Sun., 5th, 4.15.

BALLET

De Basil's Ballets Russes.—Massine is the maître and premier, the L.P.O. (conducted by Kurtz and Dorati) plays, the company includes Danilova, Baronova, Toumanova, Riabouchinska and Lichine: Covent Garden, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MUSIC

Music Festival, Bournemouth.—Until July 4th.

Vera de Villiers.—Song recital, with Albert Coates playing the accompaniment of his own works: Wigmore Hall, to-night, 1st, 8.30.

SHOWS, EXHIBITIONS AND PARTIES

Royal Academy.—Burlington House, 9—7.

International Surrealist Exhibition.—New Burlington Galleries, 10—5.

Royal Agricultural Society Show.—Bristol, until the 4th.

Empire Airways' Exhibition: Charing Cross Tube Station, until the 7th.

London Society Garden Party.—London Museum Gardens, Thurs., 2nd.

Indian Empire and Eastern Garden Party.—Mon., 6th.

(*Continued on page* v)

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"It's easy to see, my dear," broke in Mrs. G.-B.—too sweetly, "that you are new to Continental travel. Jim says, only the inexperienced travel without Revelations. What's he always saying? Oh yes, 'A Revelation never lets you down'."

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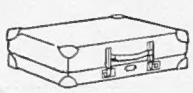

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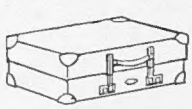

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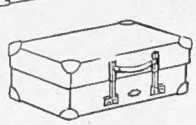

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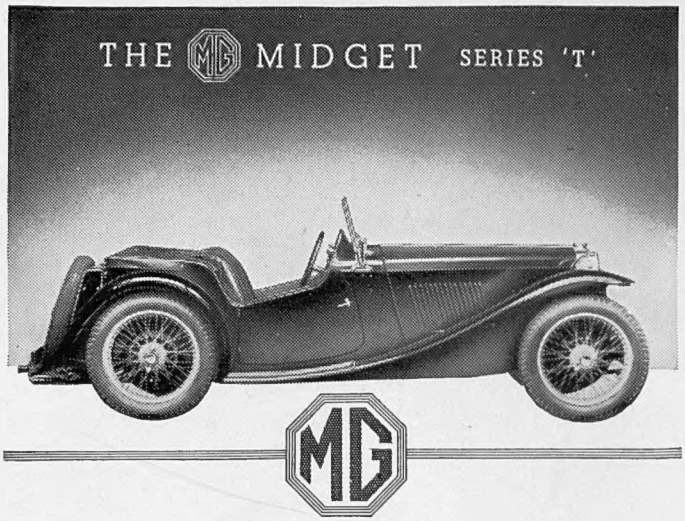

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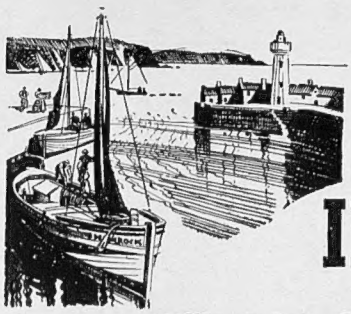

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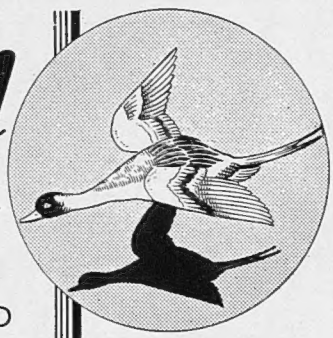

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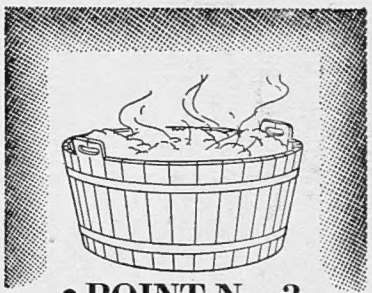

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